00097480

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER.

VOL. II.

00097480

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Murder of Goss—Crab Island—Boat Upset—Commuted Men—Death from Joy—Return to Demerara—A Strange Dream—Buck Indians—Lieutenant Gallifur's Taste of "Pepper-Pot"—Apply for Leave—O'Kelly, the Piper, and Ensign Moriarty—Spanish Pirate 1

CHAPTER II.

Jersey Forty Years ago—Marin the Murderer and Miss S——.—The "Dream at Sea"—Curious Coincidence—The Fighting Tailor—De Chatillon's Pugilistic Feat—Wellington and Napoleon—Bristol—Servants' Club à la Pickwick—Paddy's Good Hit—Colonel T——.—Fermoy Depôt—My First and Last Steeple-Chase—Wrestling Match—An Irish Duel 18

CHAPTER III.

Cork—The Royal County Down—Theatricals—Form Rallying Square—A Speech—Mr. Waltze—Deserter and No Deserter—Embark for England—The Manufacturing Districts—Burnley—How to get to Ireland by Land—Sporting Doctor—Mail-Coach and Four—Mock-Trial—Brown the Informer—Turning the Tables—Sham Magistrates 46

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Cornwell and his Dice—Paying dearly for two Mess Guests — Disgraceful Transaction—Row at Wigan — Rescue by Soldiers—Two Chartists—Sir Charles Napier —Recruiting Service—Denis Neil and Nelly—Captain Barclay of Ury—Sandy McKay—Battledore and Shuttlecock—Jock o' the Bean—Curious Badger-Baiting—Tricks on the Clergy—Scene at my Marriage . . 69

CHAPTER V.

Ordered to India—Annoying Delay—Shameful Conduct of Ship-Agents—Legal Proceedings—My Last Duel—Two Generous Irishmen—Overland Route to India—Alexandria—Interview with Mehemet Ali—Arrival in Bombay —Voyage to Vingorla—A House full of Women—Family Prayers—Billy Barlow—Spoiling the Egyptian—Belgaum—Sport in India—Encounters with Snakes . 96

CHAPTER VI.

Proceed to Kurrachee—The Best Swimmer in the World—Defence against Sharks—Kurrachee—Snakes—Fearful Mortality in the 78th Highlanders—Fort of Hydrabad—Plague of Scorpions—Snake in a Wall—A Durbar—Beloochees and Scindians—Terence Mahoney—Sad Fate of Three Brothers — Theatricals — Execution of Two Sepoys—A Russian Spy—Poona . . . 117

CHAPTER VII.

Conduct of the Regiment—Russian Nobleman and Serf—Malta—Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians—Aden—Sir William Coghlan—Captain Thomas—The Sea-Serpent—The Indian Mutiny—Mhow—Rapid Marches—Assault of Fort Chandaree—Single Combat—Explosion of a Mine—Affecting Death of a Grenadier—Jhansi—Horrors of War —Unpleasant Bedfellow—Hunt of a Cobra Capella 143

CHAPTER VIII.

Fight at the Stables—Sir Hugh Rose—Foolish Act—Slaughter of Prisoners—Gallant Soldiers—A Hard Case—Ruse of Irish Soldiers—A Pupil of Houdin's—Prize-Money—Gallant Officers—Unrecognised Merit—Narrow Escape—Capture of Koonch—Effects of Sun-Stroke—Brigadier Stuart 169

CHAPTER IX.

Unpleasant Voyage—A Half Caste Gentleman—Cabinet Council—Disarming of the 27th Native Regiment—Record of Portuguese Rule—Old Goa Cathedrals and Monasteries—Execution of a Rebel Sepoy—Unfortunate Occurrence—Destiny 184

CHAPTER X.

Curious Scene at Poona—Jabez Dollar—The Poona Derby—Irish Character—Andrew Murphy—Comical Scene—Fearful Outbreak of Cholera—Great Heat of the Weather—First Appearance of Cholera in the 86th—Thomas Macbride—Fearful Sandstorm—Curious Facts—Clifton—Termination of the Disease—A seemingly Dead Man restored to Life 198

CHAPTER XI.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes—Irish Sentries—The Martinet—Anne Brady—A Letter from Purgatory—Galway and Derry—Boyne Water—Irish Servants—Buttered Toast—The Billy Goat—Sir Allan Cameron—An Irish Trait—The Yorkshireman's Fits—Story of a Tooth—Ingenious Defence 219

CHAPTER XII.

Dreams—Marriage of my Betrothed—A Friend's Appointment to a Regiment—The Bracelet—Ensign Bowen—Singular Circumstance—Belief in Dreams—Apparitions—Mrs. Spellacy — Old Mac's Superstition — Sergeant Scanlan—A Warning—Haunted House—Irish Superstition 242

CHAPTER XIII.

Condition of Officer and Soldier—Officers' Pay—Position of the Colonel of a Regiment—Regiments from India—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonels—Majors—Captains—Pay of Subalterns—Position of Officers in India — Promotion from the Ranks—Case of a Meritorious Colour-Sergeant—Quarter-Masters—Prize-Money—Increase of Pay—Deterioration of the Army—Management of a Regiment 266

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

MURDER OF GOSS—CRAB ISLAND—BOAT UPSET— COMMUTED MEN —DEATH FROM JOY—RETURN TO DEMERARA—A STRANGE DREAM—BUCK INDIANS—LIEUTENANT GALLIFUR'S TASTE OF "PEPPER-POT"—APPLY FOR LEAVE—O'KELLY, THE PIPER, AND ENSIGN MORIARTY—SPANISH PIRATE—JERSEY.

ABOUT this time at Berbice a dreadful murder was committed in the barracks by one of our men. I had always considered him half a madman, and I do not think that in the present day a man with such antecedents would have been condemned to death, cruel and treacherous as the murder undoubtedly was.

The man's name was Gregg, a Northern Irishman. It seems that he and a soldier named Goss had had a theological discussion,

Gregg being a Protestant, and Goss a Roman Catholic. The argument was not carried on with any acrimony on either side, and they both went to bed at the usual hour; but in the middle of the night Gregg got up, and with his bayonet stabbed Goss four times through the body. The unfortunate man died next day, and Gregg was given over to the civil power, by which he was tried and condemned to death.

There was not a man in the regiment who considered him perfectly sane, and it was proved by the clearest evidence that he had committed acts that no one but a man almost deprived of his senses would have been guilty of. His defence was that Goss had attempted to commit an abominable crime upon him, and that, in self-defence, he had used his bayonet; but this idea could only have emanated from the self-deluding imagination of a lunatic. He persisted in it, however, to the last.

I went to see him hanged. According to the Dutch law, the unfortunate man was dressed in a garment of all colours of the rainbow, and appeared a perfect resemblance

to the pantaloon of the Christmas pantomimes. It was a horrid sight. He had nearly a mile to go, but he marched to his death like a soldier, and, when he came under the little scaffold, his step was as firm as if he had been marching past his colonel on parade. The arrangements for the miserable ceremony were very imperfect. He had not the fall of a foot, and his struggles were terrific; the upheaving of his legs continuing for fully twenty minutes. He was strangled like a dog, and died confidently asserting the truth of what he had urged in his defence.

On the opposite coast from Fort Cange, lived a Mr. Van Rossen, a Dutchman, who was very kind to the military. We used often to accept his invitations, and, barring the mosquitoes, spent some pleasant days with his family. Half-way across, was an island called "Crab Island," close to which, two or three years before, a boat had been upset, and three officers of the 60th drowned.

Report said it had been capsized by a half-witted "military labourer," who was

merely a black pioneer, called Sancho, in revenge for some ill-treatment he had received from one of the officers, named Donaghue, I think, or some such name; however, he was the only one that escaped.

Sancho was one of the regular crew of the "Garrison boat," and I have often passed over the same place where the men met their fate. When doing so, Sancho would point with his finger towards the spot, and a look of the most demoniac exultation, that was perfectly horrible, would come upon his face. He died while I was at Berbice.

One day while staying at Van Rossen's the old gentleman came to me in a state of great alarm, and said a drunken soldier from Fort Wellington, the military station, about ten miles off, was playing the very devil in his plantation, thrashing the negroes, and smashing everything he could come across, and asked me to try to pacify him. I went out, and there was Jeremiah Timmons, with an immense stick, laying about in every direction, perfectly mad from the effects of new rum. I went up to him, and ordered him to give up the stick. At first he seemed

inclined to give me the benefit of it, but recognising me, he threw it down and commenced to cry. I had him put into a hut, where he went to sleep, and next morning I saw him off to Fort Wellington, where he was hanged about a month after.

It was the custom in those days to have in regiments what they called "commuted men," and never was anything more cruel and unjust. These men had committed some crime or other while serving in Great Britain, and had been sentenced to the usual punishment of flogging, but with the option of avoiding the sentence of the court-martial, by volunteering into a corps in the West Indies, there to serve for "life."

A regiment called the "York Rangers," was that to which they were originally sent, but when this corps was disbanded they were distributed among those serving in the Colonies, and as each regiment was ordered home, these unfortunate men were transferred to others. We received five or six of the men from the 60th, all, with one exception, very well-behaved men. The exception was an old man named Ryan, and he

certainly was a desperate fellow. He must have been at least sixty years of age, but he was endowed with wonderful strength and agility. There was almost no crime that he had not been guilty of, but, when brought to the halberds, he was the greatest cur I ever saw. Before a lash was inflicted he would howl so that he could have been heard a mile off, and he never received more than twenty-five lashes, as his back, from constant flogging, was in such a state that the medical men would not allow the punishment to proceed.

One of these "commuted men" was an old guardsman named Alston; a better behaved man or a finer-looking old soldier one could seldom see. This poor fellow, after the return of the army from France, at the termination of the war, while stationed at Windsor, was found and taken up by a picket above a mile from the Barracks, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to "three hundred lashes." Horrified at the idea of being scourged like a dog for almost nothing, he accepted the alternative and volunteered for service in the West Indies for life, and when

I knew him had served there nearly twenty years.

About this time, Government becoming conscious of the inhumanity of such a sentence, directed that these poor men should be allowed to return to England with their regiments. Alston came to me in great glee to say that he was going home to see his old mother, who was still alive; in fact he was almost dancing with happiness. Poor fellow! two days after he was dead and buried. The medical men said joy had killed him. Truly, *La joie fait peur.*

Ryan was discharged in the country, and the remainder went home with the corps.

I was rather amused one day with the observation of an old slave on the estate of a Mr. Chisholm down the river. It was Sunday, and the clergyman had come over to the plantation to preach to the negroes, as one of them generally did about once a month. Meeting this old slave after the service, Chisholm said,

"Well, Donald, how did you like the sermon?"

"Why, Massa," said Donald, "me no

undertan dat sermon. Massa Parson he tell, 'God say, you forgib your enemies,'" and, with a grin, "Now, Massa, why no God forgib debil."

I was now again ordered to Demerara, where I arrived safely in two days, and was quartered as before in Eve Leary Barracks. The regiment I had formerly been attached to had gone to Barbadoes, and the 69th had taken their place.

There had been one or two duels in the place, but luckily no mischief had been done, McI——, of our own regiment, had fought a noted duellist of another corps, named C——, a first rate shot, while McI—— had never fired a pistol in his life. Strange to say, C——'s pistol missed fire three times, while his opponent's balls went no one knows where. McI—— died within the last two years, and C——e lies in a Burmah grave.

One night, shortly after my arrival, I saw in a dream the celebration of a marriage ceremony. The girl that stood at the altar was the one to whom I had been engaged. I saw everything as clearly before my vision as

if I had in reality been there; even the place and persons I could recognise. She looked at me, and her face had an expression of anguish I have never forgotten. Within ten days I received a letter, informing me that she had been married on that very day. I was almost deranged; I sent in an application for leave of absence, which was refused. I then sent my papers in, with the view of selling out, but this also was refused. The Colonel knew I had taken some insane ideas into my head, and I thanked him afterwards for the determination with which he had thwarted my absurd desire to leave the service.

Another court-martial now took place, the person tried being the late Sir Andrew Halliday, Inspector-General of Hospitals. The charges were frivolous enough, and I think the Scotch Inspector was acquitted.

Walking down the streets of Georgetown in the times of which I am speaking, one would see, cocked against a wall, a most curious specimen of the human race, drawing from an instrument like a flute the most doleful sounds, far worse than the howling of a dog.

He was one of a tribe of Indians called "Bucks," averaging not more than five feet in height. Many of them flock into Georgetown at certain seasons, with their wives and children, selling hammocks, bows and arrows, &c. They are a most harmless, innocent race, their sole amusement being the aforesaid flute; but some of the tribes in the interior have a very different character. There can be no doubt that cannibalism prevails among them. Previous to my arrival, a Lieutenant Gullifur, belonging to the Royal Navy, had travelled into the interior, and became the guest of an Indian tribe; and, if there is any truth in the story told by him, this accusation must be considered true.

The great relish, in these parts of South America, is a dish they call "pepper-pot." Into a large iron vessel, fish, flesh, fowl, and in fact anything in the food line, are promiscuously thrown. The principal ingredient is a poison called "casseripe," which has the effect of preserving food for an indefinite time. There are families in which these pots have not been emptied for months, additional provender being cast into them day by day.

Pepper-pot is certainly a most excellent dish.

Gullifur, returning from hunting one day very hungry, pitched into the eternal "pepper-pot" like a wolf; but before he had finished his meal, what was his horror to find in the pot a human hand, which he was about to convey to his mouth! No doubt he had satisfied his eager appetite before with other parts of the body to which the hand belonged. This discovery, I have no doubt, hastened his departure, for he did not remain much longer with his hospitable entertainers.

An Indian tribe not far from George-town, having determined on a "battue," was said to have bagged and eaten six of another tribe. The authorities took the matter up, and arrested the sporting Indians, who were tried for murder. I went to see the trial. The criminals were a larger species of mankind than the Bucks, and there was nothing ferocious or disgusting in their appearance to indicate the cannibal; on the other hand, their countenances were rather pleasant-looking, but for all this I do believe they masticated some of the contents of their game-

bags. The accused were acquitted on their trial, as it was proved that the Government had never taken possession of that part of the Indian land where the murders had been committed; that, therefore, it was not "British territory;" and that we had no jurisdiction over these Indians, who returned home in all probability to resume their old practices.

I now applied for leave to England, as I had no wish to remain in the country, and obtained a furlough for fifteen months. Hearing that the "Apollo," Captain Randall, was to sail in a fortnight from Berbice for London, I determined to go by her, as Randall was an intimate friend of mine, and a right good fellow. He also was delighted at the prospect of having me for a passenger, and I made preparations to leave Demerara. Just before I left, poor O'Kelly, the piper, drank himself out of the regiment and this world. He had been playing at the mess-room until a late hour, Irish jigs in particular, for the young men, and of course had drunk as usual. Next morning he came over to the mess, and met a mad Irish Ensign named

Moriarty, as fond of liquor as himself. "I'm mighty ill, Mr. Moriarty," said O'Kelly. "Faith, I'll soon cure you," said the other; and together they finished a bottle of brandy, which, alas! finished Ireland's piper, for he died next morning; and "Who killed O'Kelly the piper?" was the customary salutation that Moriarty met with in the regiment ever after.

So genuine an Irishman as Moriarty, one so perfectly ignorant of anything appertaining to the world or military life, I never met with. He came of a good Irish family, but had been brought up in the stables among horsebreakers, &c. He was seldom sober, but in other respects was a good-natured, generous, hearty fellow—no man's enemy but his own. Two anecdotes will show what sort of man he was.

One day, not long after he had joined from England, he was drunk about twelve o'clock, and Major Barrett, who commanded, sent Fenwick, the adjutant, to place him in arrest. A short time after Barrett sent for me, and I found him in a fit of laughter.

"You can do something," he said, "with

that unfortunate fellow, Moriarty. Read this precious epistle I have just received from him, and go back to him with it. I'll let him off this time, but I can't always do so."

The official to his commanding officer was as follows:—

"*To Major Barrett, Commanding the Royal Down.*

"Dear Major.

"What the Devil's up? shure I'm in arrest by that blackguard Fenwick. I'm sure you know nothin' about it. All I can say is, if that little black-muzzled scoundrel comes into my room agin, I'll kick him to blazes.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"H. Moriarty, Ensign."

Another time, on parade, he made an awful mull of some manœuvres while endeavouring to command a company, and Barrett called out, "My G—d, Mr. Moriarty, you are always making some mistake or other." Moriarity suddenly stepped out of the ranks, and in a voice that could be

heard through the whole regiment, said, "It's not my fault, Major, it's Sergeant Lynch that tould me wrong," and, shaking his fist at Lynch, he continued, "Be Jasus! I'll put ye in the guard-house, the moment parade is over, for telling me wrong."

Barrett dismissed the parade, officers and men being in such fits of laughter that it was useless going on with the drill.

One very wet day, Guille and Bristow, who belonged to another regiment, came into my room and said, "Can't you manage a fourth at whist?" There being no one at hand but Moriarty, I went into his room, and said, "Can you play at whist?"

"Arrah! play whist," said he, "I should think I can, the devil a man in Roscommon could touch me at it. Whist, be gor! I should think I could."

Taking him at his word, we went to my room and agreed to play the two strangers. It was my lead, and having a good hand, I led the "King of Trumps." What was my horror when the Roscommon whist champion, with a loud hurroo, took it with the ace, and shouting, "Thrump after trick,

be Jasus!" led me back the deuce. I need not say we had no more whist. Moriarty's excuse was, that he thought whist and loo were the same games. He became so bad at last that he had to be sent home, and eventually he sold out. The last thing I heard of him was that he was a magistrate in some part of Connaught.

I now began to long for home and country every day, until my leave arrived, and, after an absence of six years, I embarked for England in March, 1835. Instead of a delicate boy of sixteen, I was now a very powerful young man of twenty-three. The West Indies had certainly been a great friend to me in every way. I had always been healthy and cheerful in them, never sick or melancholy.

We had a very bad passage, and the steam from the cargo of sugar, with which we were loaded, was so bad at times as to make the cabin uninhabitable. Off the Gulf Stream, we received a great fright from a long low black Spanish schooner, full of men, which amused itself by sailing round us for a whole day, coming sometimes close alongside.

Finding, however, we were merely a sugar ship, they perhaps thought us not worth plundering, and left us alone. Our captain and mate persisted she was a pirate, and certainly, if she was not, she was monstrously like one, and inspired us all, for a time, with no little fear.

When we reached the English coast, I embarked in a fishing boat off Penzance in Cornwall, landed and proceeded to Exeter, miles out of my way to Jersey as I found out. Lord John Russell had just lost his election, and I went to a Conservative dinner. In the evening, I had a few rounds with a "Radical ostler." The black eyes of a tobacconist's widow kept me in the capital of Devon for a week, when I started for Jersey, and arrived safely in St. Heliers, and found my family all well, with one exception, the little brother, who had died in April, on the night I dreamt of his death on board the ship 'Apollo.'

CHAPTER II.

JERSEY FORTY YEARS AGO—MARIN THE MURDERER AND MISS S——. —THE "DREAM AT SEA"—CURIOUS COINCIDENCE—THE FIGHTING TAILOR—DE CHATILLON'S PUGILISTIC FEAT—WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON—BRISTOL—SERVANTS' CLUB À LA PICKWICK—PADDY'S GOOD HIT—COLONEL T——.—FERMOY DEPOT—MY FIRST AND LAST STEEPLE-CHASE—WRESTLING MATCH—AN IRISH DUEL.

JERSEY, nearly forty years ago, was decidedly one of the pleasantest residences under the British Crown. The country itself was a perfect garden, and, everything being so much cheaper than in England, numerous families with moderate incomes sought the shores of this beautiful island, in which they were enabled to live so much more comfortably than in their own. During the Summer there was a succession of pic-nics in Jersey, invariably ending in a dance, and nowhere could you

have found, in those days, an array of more graceful and fascinating girls than Jersey could boast of.

In Winter, the gaiety was almost too much, as I found to my cost, having often been to two, and sometimes three, parties in one night. We also exhibited our dramatic powers upon the boards of the neat little theatre, and our amateur performances were not to be despised. The actresses were all professionals, and among them was a Miss Fanny Brunton, married to a man named Chase. The marriage was a bad one for her, in no way adding to her happiness. She was some relation to the late Countess of C——n, possessed considerable talent, and was a beautiful actress.

A rather curious circumstance occurred to me one night while playing the part of "Lance Lynwood" in the "Dream at Sea." The heroine, Anne Trevanion (Miss Hicks, a rather pretty girl), is supposed to have died and been buried. Lynwood, her lover, flies to the tomb to have one last look on the face he so dearly loved, and finding, to his great joy, that she still breathes, he brings

her down to the front of the stage in his arms, when she is restored to consciousness. During a dress-rehearsal on the night previous to the real preformance, I had brought my buried love in my arms to the front, but found to my consternation that she had not come to life again; in fact, she was in a state of catalepsy.

After some time, however, she recovered, and I then found that she had often had fits of a similar description, and I was afraid the same thing might happen on the following night. Strange to say the same thing did occur, at the same time, and we had to stop the performance until she recovered.

There came to Jersey about that time, a Captain De Châtillon, of the French army, who had been very badly wounded in Algeria. He was supposed to be a natural son of the great Napoleon, and his resemblance to his reputed father was something wonderful. He was probably two or three inches taller, but the features were exactly the same.

An immense fellow of the name of Guy,

a blacksmith, and the bully of Jersey, had insulted me one night, and offered to fight any Englishman that could be brought against him. He was certainly a perfect Hercules in appearance—a mass of bone and muscle, and having been successful in several encounters with English soldiers, he fancied he was not to be beaten. I was determined, however, to pay Mr. Guy off for his conduct to me, and having heard of a pugilist youth in Ryde named Hampden, otherwise called the "fighting tailor," I started for the Isle of Wight, and returned with my man. Although six feet high, he was a child in appearance to Guy, who, at once, agreed to fight him, and managed, by the aid of his Jersey friends, to get up a good sum—fifty pounds.

The fight took place in a field near Goree, and the good folks of St. Heliers were dreadfully scandalised by such an affair, which desecrated their beautiful island. All who took part in it were freely abused, a good share of the blame being laid on my shoulders. On the day of the fight the Frenchman drove down with me, and was

delighted with the fistic encounter. The "fighting tailor" perfectly astonished Master Guy, who was never able to touch him; and after fighting for nearly an hour, during which he was pommelled to his heart's content, he gave in, and was led off with such a figure-head as he might have had if a waggon load of hay had gone over it. The amount of the battle-money was all given to Hampden, who gave lessons for some time afterwards in St. Heliers. His most enthusiastic patron was De Châtillon, who was never tired of putting on the gloves.

A French theatrical company arrived in Jersey at a time when we were about to have an amateur performance, and the Frenchman was very anxious to conclude it by representing with his countrymen the death of the great Napoleon at St. Helena. One night at rehearsal he annoyed us a good deal by interfering in the business of the stage, and vociferating, "I will give you a representation of Napoleon at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Marengo, &c. &c." A little angry at the interruption, I incautiously asked, "Why not at Waterloo?" Frightfully enraged, he

rushed up to me and said, "You sall give a me satisfaction, Sare, for this insult."

I tried to pacify him in every way, but the Gaul was inexorable, exclaiming, "I must have de satisfaction." At last, getting rather warm, I said, "Well, send your friend, as nothing else will suit you."

"No, Sare," he replied. "By Got, I will box a you—box, Sare!"

Thinking that it would all end in fun, I said, "Oh, very well!" and commenced sparring up to him with my open hands, when I was rather astonished at receiving a round hit on the side of the head, that made me wink and see "spangles," as they say. This blow he followed up by another in the breadbasket, that was anything but pleasant. My antagonist's face was at the same time purple with rage, and I saw that he was in earnest. I thought it advisable, therefore, to give him a lesson, and, there being about twenty gentlemen present, I told them to make room, and I would give Mounseer enough of "de box."

In a very short time I had him all safe, and determined to end the business with a

one, two in the face. This I did with the left. The blood flew out like a torrent, and Monsieur went down like a ninepin. On being picked up he was insensible, and his breathing was so stertorous that a medical man was at once sent for. Luckily there was one close at hand, and on his arrival he said De Châtillon was labouring under an attack of apoplexy, and that in all probability the quantity of blood he had lost from the blow on the nose had saved his life. He recovered, but was ill for some time, and did not bear me the least malice afterwards. He told me that the doctor had said I had saved his life, as he would most likely have had the fit, whether I had struck him or not.

I saw an amusing scene in the mess of the depôt of the 60th Rifles about this time. There was a large dinner-party; and De Châtillon was sitting at the bottom of the table. After dinner he was requested to give an imitation of Napoleon, which he did by standing up and folding his arms. He had scarcely done so, when a figure started up at the top of the table, and with his finger to his lip exclaimed, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It

was a young officer of the Rifles named Power, whose resemblance to the Duke of Wellington, or rather what His Grace had been as a young man, was perfectly astounding. The applause was immense, for the two great antagonists were to the life before us. Many alive now will recollect not only this incident, but the pleasant parties at the hospitable mess of the gallant Rifles in those times. That same night I saw the Frenchman drink off twelve glasses of champagne, while an officer of the 60th steadily counted twelve. He had them down his throat before ten had been counted, seeming to have no swallow, but regularly bolting them.

Two days afterwards he astonished the green-coats by throwing poor Teddy Beresford, a very powerful Irishman and a good wrestler, two fair back falls out of three, at Prince's Tower. Poor Teddy, my old school comrade, and as good a fellow as ever lived, lies in a Jamaica grave. De Châtillon went shortly afterwards to London, and I never heard of him again.

In Jersey, one of the penalties inflicted by law is "banishment" to England, and it is

generally considered a very severe one. Going along the street one fine summer evening, a few days after Guy's fight, I was attacked by a long lanky fellow, half drunk, who, enraged at Guy's defeat, struck me without the least provocation. I gave him, as he deserved, a good beating, and then handed him over to the police. I had to appear against him in Court, and certainly two "purtier" black eyes than Mr. Boggs exhibited, it would have been hard to meet with; but the judges did not appear to sympathise with him, for my friend was sentenced to be transported to England, and sent on board the steamer next morning.

Frequently, in my walks into town, I used to meet a very pretty, lady-like looking girl, with beautiful black eyes, but a most mournful, imploring expression in them. Although we never spoke, I had become in some way interested about her, and on inquiry learned that her name was S——.

One morning the whole town of St. Heliers was thrown into a state of uproar by the discovery that a dreadful murder had been committed, the victim, as I afterwards

learned, proving to be no other than the interesting girl I had so often met in my walks.

There had been for some time in Jersey a Frenchman of the name of Marin, a teacher of music. This man was anything but good-looking, for an uglier or more sinister countenance could hardly have been picked out in a gang of felons. He became intimate with the family of the unfortunate girl, and, whatever took place between them, he persuaded her to take poison, agreeing to do the same thing himself. The dead body of the girl was found in a lonely field, and her seducer lying beside it, pretending to suffer from the effects of arsenic. The poor girl had indeed kept her promise, while the infernal villain had merely taken flour in order to deceive her.

He was tried, but escaped with transportation for life. He was very nearly, however, caught by the crowd, and so furious were they against him, that, if they had got him into their hands, they would have undoubtedly torn him in pieces. The soldiers were obliged to protect him from the Court to the

jail, on the day of his trial. Not very long after, I heard that he was again giving music lessons in New South Wales. A pleasant teacher in a gentleman's family!

After spending a very pleasant year and a half in Jersey, I was ordered to join. the depôt of the regiment stationed at Fermoy, in Ireland. Bidding my kind hospitable friends of the beautiful island adieu, I proceeded viâ Bristol to my destination. We had to remain a day and night at Bristol, where, while at dinner in the coffee-room, I fell in with an old West Indian friend, the Honourable E. M——x, of the Navy, whose family lived in the county, with a most amusing little Gloucestershire baronet, about five feet high. M——x informed me that he had an invitation that evening for himself and the baronet to a celebrated servants' club held in the good old city for many years, and that his brother's domestics, being all members, they would be very glad to see me if I liked to go. As there would no doubt be some fun, I was of course delighted to accompany them, instead of passing the time in a dull hotel.

About ten o'clock we started in a hackney, and, after driving for nearly an hour, at length arrived at the house where the club was held. Dickens' description in Pickwick of the supper given by the "Bath footmen," to which Mr. Sam Weller is invited, had then only been published a very short time before, and certainly the novelist must have attended either that club, or one of a very similar description, and Bath and Bristol are only a few miles distant from each other. The only difference was in the number of people, for I do not think there were less than forty gentlemen's servants present.

We were met by the butler of M——'s brother, and formally introduced. The house was a very respectable-looking one, with a garden. The room was very large, and two tables were already laid for supper, with steel knives and forks of every description, and delf of every pattern under the sun. There was also every kind of livery, from the deep black of the butler to the red and blue plush of the coachmen and footmen. It looked almost like a military assemblage from the different uniforms, as I may call them.

At eleven o'clock supper was placed on the table, and consisted of legs of mutton, rounds of beef, and tripe "galore," the last appearing to be the favourite. Everything was conducted with the greatest decorum, and after supper, pipes, beer, and ginnums were the order of the night. There was plenty of singing, some good, and some atrociously bad. We managed, however, to enjoy ourselves very much, and at five o'clock on a Summer morning I found myself, with a policeman, engaged in wheeling the little baronet home to the hotel in a kind of barrow, drunk and insensible, while my nautical friend, very many sheets in the wind, was steering every point of the compass in his endeavour to keep us company. Next morning I started in the steamer for Cork, leaving my friends snoring in bed. I have never visited Bristol since, but trust the club is in full preservation and continuing its monthly meetings.

On arriving in Cork, and taking up my abode at the "Imperial" (McDowell's), a regular cut of a Patlander came up to me and said,

"Arrah, your honour, Captin Fraser tould me to tell you to make haste to the barricks, as he's waiting for ye."

Now it was very strange that the only person I should have known in Cork was a very intimate friend of that name in the 35th, now head of the police in London, and the very person I was going to call on; but how he knew of my intended visit I could not make out. I gave the fellow a shilling, and started up Patrick's Hill to see Fraser. I found him in the sick list, and he was perfectly astonished to see me, not having heard I was even going to leave Jersey. Certainly ragged Pat made a hit, and bagged the shilling.

I dined at the mess of the 35th with poor T——t, Fraser not being able to go. A few years after this time I was talking to T——t at the club; the next day he blew out his brains for no assignable cause.

My friend of Tortola memory, Jack Dowman, who lived a few miles from Cork, being home on leave, I went out to see him, and have a talk about old times, as we do now at Chelsea Hospital, where he is, I am happy to

say, comfortably located. Alas! since this was written poor Jack is no more.

I found the depôt at Fermoy very strong in officers, the regiment being shortly expected home from the West Indies. A finer set of young fellows could not have been found anywhere, but they were certainly the wildest of the wild. I only knew two or three of the old hands, among them my friend Bill S——e, of bathing notoriety in Antigua. He was wilder and more reckless than ever, and, wonderful to say, was acting adjutant, and such an adjutant! He was never at home when required, and I have seen the captain-commanding, who was good nature personified, knocking at his door for ten minutes. "Mr. S——e, I order you, Sir, to come out." No answer. Again the commandant. "I know you are inside. If you don't come out, I'll report you to the General." Still no answer; and at last, tired out, he would proceed to the orderly-room himself, and do the adjutant's work. Meantime Bill was in bed, laughing in his sleeve. It became so bad at last, however, that I was appointed in his room; this being

the second time I had displaced him. The first time was when I supplanted him in the command of the detachment at Tortola, which although not my fault, occasioned bad blood between us, as will be seen by-and-by.

Among the ensigns lately joined was Maurice M——n, still my old friend in a gallant Dragoon Regiment, the 9th Lancers, and celebrated for his Thespian abilities. A gentleman from Dublin, named D——, became acquainted with some of the officers, but behaved so badly to the Hon. Ned P——t that, when called out by him, we would not allow P——t to meet him, although these were fighting days. Finding this to be the case, D——, the gentleman in question, returned to Dublin, and in a few days came back with a distinguished old fire-eater named R——d, a regular cut of a Bryan Macguire, and at least fifty years of age, if not more. He waited on P——t, and was referred to me. I told him that, acting under the advice of his brother-officers, he would not meet D——. R—— replied by saying in that case P——t should be posted all over the town the next morning. P——t offered

to fight the old gentleman, but he thankfully declined.

Next morning P——t was posted, and he and I proceeded at once to the second-rate hotel in which R—— and D—— had taken up their abode. Sitting in a small room were the two gentlemen. On a little table, close to the fire, breakfast was laid, and a large silver watch belonging to the veteran duellist ornamented it. P——t dashed at once into the room, and the moment he did so D—— seized a pistol and levelled it at his head, but before he could pull the trigger P——t was on him. I caught hold of the pistol in D——'s hand, and brought it down against his thigh, so that if it did go off he should get the benefit of its contents. The old gentleman seized me, and away we went round the little room, D—— receiving a thoroughly sound pommelling. On the second round the breakfast table was upset, and the silver watch precipitated into the fire, with an exclamation of "Oh, confound it, my watch is in the fire." The veteran then let me go, in order to save what, from its appearance, must have been an old heir-loom, and I, wresting the pistol from D——,

saved him from further castigation, and took both P—— and the weapon away. The fire-arm was loaded with powder and ball, and how it did not go off in the affray is a puzzle to me.

R—— and D——, finding that, although there were plenty ready to fight the first, but no one the second, on their return to Dublin laid the whole matter before the General commanding, Sir E. Blackney. A military investigation was ordered, which terminated in the complete justification of P——t, and the line of conduct he had pursued under the advice of his friends. P——t would have fought the man a dozen times had he been allowed.

The 18th Royal Irish marched into Fermoy, where they were stationed until transports were ready at Cork to embark them for Ceylon. They were a very fine regiment, and the officers a nice set of fellows, and no saints. A large party given by them to our officers broke up rather riotously, and ended in the removal of almost every knocker in the town. One old gentleman particularly lamented the disappearance of his, which he

had kept as a memorial of 1798, whether as a rebel or a loyal man I cannot say, but the name was Murphy.

I was not one of the despoiling party, as I never could see either fun or amusement in it. The town was up in arms, and a series of complaints were made to Colonel B——, of the Royal Irish, commanding the garrison. He sent for our commandant, and said, "That, as he was perfectly convinced no officer of the 18th had anything to say to the affair, he had better try, for the sake of his officers, to settle it."

This nettled our senior, who said he was certain the 18th had more to do with it than ourselves, and both began to get warm on the subject. I was sent for, and went on a voyage of discovery to see how far the actual truth could be ascertained, and found it was six of one and half-dozen of the other. Matters were ultimately arranged by the culprits of both regiments coming down handsomely, and when the affair was thus settled Colonel B—— was not so thoroughly convinced of the immaculate innocence and purity of his youngsters as he had been before. Shortly after they embarked for Cey-

lon, from thence to China, and in a few years not one of the old Fermoy lot remained in the corps.

My first steeple-chase occurred here. I had purchased a mare from Mr. Decey, the owner at that time of a celebrated horse named "Monarch." One night at mess, a match was made between a Mr. Prescott of the Bays, and a country gentleman named Carey; the first to ride a horse called "Distiller," and the other his own horse, "Cock Robin," for sixty pounds a side. Having taken too much wine, I said I would put in my mare, an offer which was readily accepted, and it was ultimately agreed that the last in was to pay all, viz., £180. Next morning, finding I had made an egregious ass of myself, for I had never even attempted a jump with my mare, and the others were celebrated steeplechasers, I wrote to the two gentlemen concerned, acknowledging my folly, and saying that acting as I did under the influence of wine, I trusted to their kindness to let me off, that I had never ridden a steeple-chase in my life, and was quite a novice across country.

From Prescott I received an immediate answer, saying "That on his part he was very happy to let me off;" but from the other I got an epistle saying that he intended to hold me to my bond. There was nothing for it therefore but to pay the money or risk my neck, and I had almost determined upon shelling out, when, on the day of the race, little Harvey Thursby, seeing the state of uncertainty in which I was, said,

"D—n it, man, drink a couple of glasses of cherry-brandy, and take your chance."

I did so, and we started four miles across the country—the odds being about fifty to one against me. I managed to get over the few first fences and ditches very well, but coming to a large stone wall I got a severe cropper. The mare, however, was so trained that she stood beside me like a lamb. In a moment I was up again and off. Meantime, my opponents were two or three fields ahead, scarcely knowing what danger I encountered or caring much about it. I put my gallant steed at everything and she answered most satisfactorily. At the last field I was breast and breast with the other horses.

This inspired me with dauntless courage, and, determined to do or die, I made a desperate effort and succeeded in getting in second to Distiller, Cock Robin being third, and the gentleman who held me to "my bond" last of all, and so having to pay all the stakes to the great delight of everyone. This was my first and last steeplechase.

Very nice quarters was Fermoy in those days. There were very many pretty girls, pleasant country walks, and a great deal of flirting and love-making took place, but nothing matrimonial occurred. Miss C——r and Miss O'S——n, are ye living yet, or are your charms and graces perpetuated in the children you have no doubt borne in prolific Ireland? If like their mammas, they must be clippers indeed.

Major B——e now joined and assumed the command of the Depôt, and shortly after his arrival a sad accident took place. I had purchased a fine black mare from Arthur L——s, near Fermoy, but I had never driven her, nor even knew whether she would go in

harness or not, when B——e said to me one morning,

"Put the mare in the dog-cart and try her."

No sooner said than done, and away we went, the mare going very quietly for about two miles; when, as I touched her gently with the whip, she stood still and kicked the dog-cart to pieces, pitching B——e and myself into the middle of the road, and galloping off herself towards the town with the shafts of the machine rattling behind her.

I was not in the least hurt, but on going up to poor B——e and attempting to lift him, he screamed with agony. I sent a countryman to the barracks for the Doctor and some soldiers, who shortly arrived, and B——e was carried home, his accident being a most serious one, as we judged from the screams of pain that every now and then could not be restrained On examination, it was found that his thigh was broken very badly in two places. For months he lay on his back and, on recovering, one leg was many inches shorter than the other.

He died in command of the 89th in America.

There was a curious old character, a soldier in the Depôt at the time, named McAdorey, who once received five hundred lashes for little or nothing. He had been my father's servant when I was a little child, and had often carried me in his arms. He was a great ally of all the young officers, and no dog-fight, badger-bait, rat-hunt, or any other kind of sport, could take place without the assistance of old Mac. His attachment to me was something ridiculous. No Highland foster-brother could have felt more devoted to the son of his chieftain than Mac was to me. He would have thought nothing of taking the man's life who had injured or insulted me, and on one occasion, when I had a quarrel with an officer (whose death, I lament to say, I saw in the paper this week*), he was caught by F——r P——t and myself hid in a corner, with his musket loaded, no doubt to shoot the officer, had we not discovered him in time. His affection for me was indeed a perfect mania.

* This was written some years ago.

Poor S——e was a Cornishman, and prided himself upon his skill and strength in wrestling. One evening a large party of officers and civilians were assembled at Robinson's Hotel, in the town, when he offered to wrestle any person present, particularly addressing himself to me. I had always been very fond of that athletic exercise, and, not being aware at the time that he had imbibed any hostile feeling towards me, on account of my succeeding him in the Adjutantcy, I agreed to wrestle him the best of three back falls in a friendly manner. I was the conqueror, and a very easy victory it was. The result of the struggle greatly excited him, and I saw that he was determined to fix a quarrel on me, to prevent which I left the room and proceeded to Barracks.

Next day was guest day, and several civilians dined at mess. Shortly after the cloth was removed, and while I was engaged in conversation with a gentleman, I heard a voice to my astonishment say,

"Whatever Mr. Stuart is saying is a d—d falsehood."

I turned round and said, "Good G—d, what do you mean?"

The same language was repeated by S——e, and in the impulse of the moment, excited by such a gross attack without the slightest provocation, I seized hold of my wine-glass and hurled it, with its contents, at his head, both glass and wine striking him. He immediately got up and left the room, having accomplished the object for which he had come, and proceeded to find a friend whom he might send with a message to me; but as no officer of the depôt would take one, he had to find a more accommodating person somewhere else. This he did in the person of the cavalry officer before named, Prescott; but not until next evening, and we were to meet on the racecourse the following morning.

The news of the intended duel was the next day known thoughout the barracks and town, and when we met a little after daylight, one would have thought a steeplechase was about to take place from the crowds of people, gentlemen and peasantry, who were assembled. Some short time

before Colonel McDonald had shot Markham on the same spot. I was escorted out by almost every officer, except the commandant;* and, as for McAdorey, his expressions of sympathy, and anticipations of the result, would have made a dying man laugh. He was a little old man, with a bald head, and would never leave my side. He called me before daylight, and comforted me by saying that "he would sooner see me dead than late on the ground, and, oh," he continued, "I've prayed to the Holy Virgin the whole night that ye may shoot him."

The ground was measured and we took our places. S——e fired; but on pulling the trigger my pistol would not go off, and on looking at it I found that my second, P——t, had given it to me uncocked. The thought of my old West India times then came over me, and I fired the pistol in the air, after which of course the affair could proceed no further.

* Our Commandant, the present Lieutenant-General J. C——h, with the chivalrous feeling of an Irish gentleman of the olden time, sent to Semple and myself, advising us to keep out of the way till the business was settled, and our honour satisfied by a meeting. Otherwise, he said, he should have great difficulty in settling the affair. He did settle it afterwards in the kindest and most fatherly manner.

Seven or eight of us were standing together, when old Mac came up, and began to dance round me with delight, saying, "Och! here's his bullet, shure it hit me on the shoe; and now, jintlemen, will yez all come to barracks, and have some chicken-broth that I've had Biddy up all night getting ready. It will do ye good this could mornin'."

The poor fellow had been in such a state of anxiety about me, that he had gone in the line of fire, and S——e's ball had lodged at his foot, slightly striking the shoe.

Within the last few months, after more than thirty years, F——r, P——, M——n, and myself dined together, and had a good laugh about poor Mac and his chicken-broth, and the general invitation all who were present had received.

CHAPTER III.

CORK—THE ROYAL COUNTY DOWN—THEATRICALS—FORM RALLYING SQUARE—A SPEECH—MR. WALTZI—DESERTER AND NO DESERTER—EMBARK FOR ENGLAND—THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS—BURNLEY—HOW TO GET TO IRELAND BY LAND—SPORTING DOCTOR—MAIL-COACH AND FOUR—MOCK-TRIAL—BROWN THE INFORMER—TURNING THE TABLES—SHAM MAGISTRATES.

NO notice was taken of the affair by the military authorities, although published in all the papers. S——e's good feelings returned to him, he made me the most ample apology, and we were soon afterwards as good friends as ever. Poor fellow! he did not live long. Excess told upon a splendid constitution at last, and, exchanging into another regiment, he died completely broken up. A handsomer fellow never walked; but drink! drink! how many have you ruined and sent to an early grave!

Although in my long service unfortunately engaged in three duels, I can safely affirm that I was not the aggressor in any of them. In the days I speak of, a man was bound to take notice, in the manner described, of any insult he received. If he neglected to do so, he would not be allowed to remain in the regiment. In the present time it is very different, but I question much whether there are not more quarrels and disputes now, than there used to be when a man well knew he might be quivering on the daisy-covered turf next morning for his conduct.

Only one fatal case of a duel occurred in my regiment, and that many years ago, when a fine young Grenadier officer, named Henry, was shot dead by a Captain Stewart.

I was in the orderly-room one morning in Dublin some years ago, reading over the annals of the regiment with my adjutant, and we were in the very act of talking about the above duel, when the sergeant-major brought me in a card, saying a lady wished to speak to me. The name on the card was "Mrs. Stewart." A very old lady was ushered in, and said she had come to talk about a grandson

who had enlisted in the regiment, and whose discharge she wished to purchase. In the course of conversation, I discovered that this lady was the widow of the Captain Stewart who had shot Henry.

One day a deserter from the head-quarters in Demerara was brought in, having been apprehended somewhere in Ireland. I at once recognised the man as a soldier named Richard Conners, whom I well knew. I was a good deal surprised, for when I left the regiment this man was one of the smartest soldiers in my company (the Light), and when I spoke to him, and told him how astonished I was to see him in his present position, he gave me no answer. He was tried, and sentenced to be marked with the letter D, and six months' imprisonment.

Three months after the arrival of the regiment in Ireland, I mentioned the circumstance to Sir M—— C——h, the colonel. "Oh, by Jove!" his favourite expression, "here's a nice business!" he exclaimed; "why, I made him desert, or the women of the regiment would have torn him to pieces." He then told me the circumstances, and I

advised him to write and state them to Lord Hill, who would no doubt order him to be discharged. This was done, and an order came for his immediate release and dismissal from the service.

We were now ordered to Cork, to wait the arrival of the regiment from Barbadoes. We had not been there long, when we received a letter from the maidens of Fermoy, containing the following verses, which are now yellow with age, and some of those mentioned in them have been long in their cold graves; yet they may amuse those still alive, as a remembrance of old times :—

THE ROYAL COUNTY DOWN.

"It was nature's holiday, no rain was in the air
When we lost our 'Sussex heroes'* so brave and debonair,
The band was so enchanting, at their ball was all the town,
So indeed we wished you far away, O Royal County Down.

"But we heard the drums a-beating, and the bugles loudly play,
And we all rushed to the windows on that lovely Summer day,
We heard the tramp of armed men, and 'neath the Harp and Crown
We espied the stately colours of the Royal County Down.

"We forgot our 'Sussex heroes' as we gazed upon that band
Of handsome laughing youngsters, the flower of the land,

* 35th Regiment.

You looked so leal and true, on your face no scowl or frown,
Oh, soon we dearly loved you, our Royal County Down,

"And now you too have left us, lamenting and forlorn,
With our foolish hearts nigh broken, to do nought but weep and mourn,
And pray that you may gather fame, honour, and renown,
To ornament the standards of the Royal County Down.

"And dear handsome Peter S——e, how we miss him riding by,
Brave, generous, and kind-hearted, when a drappie's in his eye,
His love for us excuses this, then show to us the clown
In our presence dare say aught against the Royal County Down.

"And gallant gay young S——t, his voice is in our ears,
It dwells upon our memory, like music of the spheres.
With his eyes of brilliant blue, and his hair of sunny brown,
Can we e'er forget the Light Bob of the Royal County Down?

"And majestic Harry C——h, in Napoleon's proud carder,
He ne'er could boast a soldier like this British grenadier,
And when he storms a fortress, a city, or a town,
God help the foe who comes across this Royal County Down!

"Farewell kind Harry F——r and giant Bob C——le,
With dapper Harvey T——by, and Maurice with his smile,
Not forgetting dear Ned P——tt, who praised our last new gown,
And swore he'd marry one of us to grace the County Down.

"And now good-bye, yet if we lived to three score years and ten,
We ne'er again should look upon so many fine young men;
But, oh, our dearest wish would be, once more within our town,
To cry 'Cead millia failtha' to the Royal County Down."

THE GIRLS OF FERMOY.

We only remained about three months in

the famous city of Cork, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We managed to get up amateur theatricals, in which I performed my old part of Lance Lynwood, in the "Dream at Sea," but this time the lady who played Anne Trevanion did not go into a fit, as the young actress in Jersey had done. I also played "Major Sturgeon" in the "Mayor of Garrett" and "Rob Roy."

I was witness to an amusing scene one morning on the parade ground. A regiment was being drilled by a Scotch field-officer, who, by an extraordinary stroke of ingenuity, had managed to get the two flank companies into the centre of the battalion. The adjutant rode up, touched his cap, and said,

"The Grenadiers and Light Company are clubbed in the middle of the battalion, Sir."

"How the devil did they come there?" asked the commander.

"I really can't say, Sir," was the reply.

"How are we to get them out again?" asked the other.

"Cannot say, Sir."

"Egad," he said, "we'll form rallying square round myself," and accordingly pull-

ing out his sword, he rode forward, and said, with the utmost coolness, "Now, men, I've got all clubbed on purpose, and you'll form rallying square round me when I get to the other end o' the square, that I may see if you all know yer proper places."

Then away he rode, and the square was formed round him, men and officers in fits of laughter, as they were not to be taken in by the old gentleman.

There was in the regiment a most amusing man, who had risen from the ranks to the station of captain, a very illiterate person, but whose language consisted of the longest and most high-sounding words he could bring together. The great fun was to get him at mess to return thanks for any toast that had been drunk, for, when on his legs, he was in his element. On one occasion he was giving an account of Queen Caroline's funeral. "Yes, gentlemen, hour corpse had the transcendent honour of hescorting the body of that much hinjured hindividual to her lonely grave. Hour colonel ornamented the van hoff the troops, and we hall thought he

would have been daubed a knight; yes, gentlemen, a knight hoff the garter."

He came one day into the room of an officer, who, being a great musician, had quantities of music on the table. Taking up a piece of music, he observed, with the most nonchalant air, "Vot a clever fellow that Mr. 'Waltz' must be! I never takes hup a piece of music his name ain't hon it."

I disgusted him very much by saying one day that the only thing he resembled was a "Dictionary on a spree." He did not forgive me for some time. Poor fellow, he died not long after.

Talking of men raised from the ranks, some thirty years ago a regiment serving in India had, after a great Eastern victory, no less than four promoted to the higher grade. They were all Irishmen, a fact which says a great deal for that gallant race. One of them was a most amusing character, and plenty will remember him. O'Brannegan was a great fellow in his own opinion, and nothing under a colonel or brigadier would go down with him. On one occasion, the conversation turned upon the late great

battle in Scinde, when O'Brannegan joined in by saying, "Faith! much ye know about that same battle, Sur, I am the man who won it."

"How!" said one of the number, wishing to draw him out.

"Well, Sur, when the Baloochees and Scindes were fighting like blazes, I was orderly sergeant to Sir Charles. He was bothered entirely and rushed up to me saying, 'Blood and ouns, O'Brannegan, what will I do, at all, at all?' 'Ordher the cavallery to charge,' ses I. 'Be jabers! you're right,' says he. The cavallery charged, and Meanie was won." And away stalked O'Brannegan with his nose in the air.

He came into the billiard-room one day when I was there. "Any news to day, O'Brannegan," said one of the players.

"Och, not much!" was the reply, and as if it was a customary occurrence, "I'd a visit from Sir Thomas this morning," (the Commander-in-chief.)

"What did he say to you?" was asked.

"Well," said O'Brannegan, "he looked at that small bit o' furniture I bought yes-

terday, 'and tare and ounters,' ses he, 'O'Brannegan, what the devil did ye give for the table?'"

Some time after he was made an ensign, a friend of his, named O'Daley, received a like honour. The next day was to be a guest night, and O'Daley was to make his first appearance at mess. O'Brannegan went to him, and said, "Now, O'Daley, to-morrow will be the first time ye ever dined with gentlemen, and mighty quare people they are in the ating and dhrinking line, so you come with me, and everything I do, you do also, and I'll pull ye through well.'"

Accordingly at dinner next day O'Brannegan found fault with the soup. O'Daley did so also, but when the champagne came round O'Brannegan, after taking a glass of it, said, "D—d bad champagne," at the same time accidentally breaking his glass, a feat in which he was followed by O'Daley, who exclaimed, "D—d bad champagne," and smashed his glass upon the table. This story is literally true without a word of exaggeration.

But to return *à nos moutons*. The head-

quarters having proceeded to England, we also (the depôt) embarked for Chatham, and joined it. From Chatham we marched through London to Weedon, where we remained until the end of the Summer of 1837, and were received by Lord Hill. On going down the ranks, he asked me how long I had been in the service, and was surprised when I told him nine years. Turning to Sir M. C——, the Colonel, he said, "Why, he looks like a boy of sixteen."

It was indeed wonderful how I kept up my youthful appearance to a certain time. After I had been twenty years in the service I was taken for a young man of twenty-five, and I recollect at Marseilles the French officers being astonished at my rank, I looked so boyish.

From Weedon we were sent to Manchester, and dispersed through the manufacturing districts. I went to Burnley, a most atrocious place, celebrated for cockpits, up-and-down fighting, and the immense quantity of liquor imbibed by the country gentlemen. A wing of a cavalry regiment was stationed with us, and among the officers were one or two queer

fellows, whose geographical proficiency will be evidenced by the following conversation that absolutely took place.

The regiment had been ordered to Glasgow, and a few of us were enjoying our wine a night or two before their departure, when S——, addressing me, said, "You are a Scotchman; what kind of a place is Glasgow?"

"Oh," I replied, "a little bit of a village; a church and two or three public-houses are the principal buildings."

"Oh," rejoined L——s, another queer fellow, not showing the slightest astonishment, "I thought it was a much bigger place than that. The next time, however, we go to Ireland, I won't trust my horses by sea; I'll send them by land."

"How can you send them by land?" said S——g.

I suggested Portpatrick.

"Ay, of course we can send them by Portpatrick," they both replied in a breath.

L——s was one of the most deperate poachers I ever met. He and Jack D——

nearly killed all the fish in the rivers and streams about Burnley.

I here played a curious game of fives with Major Phillips, of the 15th Hussars. I never touched the ball except with my feet, served it out with my feet, and, with the odds of twenty to one against me, won the match.

The Hussars went, and were succeeded by the "Green Horse," a splendid body of men, almost all Irishmen.

At Burnley the Protestant church is outside the barrack-gate, and the Roman Catholic chapel nearly two miles off in Townley Park—at least, they used to be in the days I speak of; things may be changed after the lapse of twenty-eight years. Every Roman Catholic in our regiment went to the chapel, while every man of the "Green Horse" went to church. Knowing from the names that the men were almost all Irish, and hearing them called Connollys, Sullivans, Maguires, &c., I asked Bolton, who commanded them, how it was there were no Roman Catholics. "My dear fellow," he replied, "at Leeds the Roman Catholic chapel was outside the gate, and the Protestant church a mile off. Every

man, English, Irish, and Scotch, suddenly became Roman Catholic. But here, the church being outside the gate, they are all good Protestants."

Meeting an officer of the same regiment the other day, and mentioning the above circumstance to him, he informed me that at the present time the popular religion among them was the Methodist, and it was astonishing the number of that profession they had for the time. At this period, in 1867, the 98th were stationed in Manchester, and a jollier set of fellows never existed. I made a match to play their best man among the officers at billiards, racquets, quoits, fives, and lifting weights, all to come off the same day. I won every match. D—— was my billiard opponent; poor Granet, who died in the Mauritius, my racquet one; Colonel H——e, late Adjutant-General in India, the fives player; and Rolland the weight-lifter. I forget the name of the quoit champion. After the matches were over, J——s said, "We must try and lick you at something. I'll run my head against that stone wall with you for ten pounds." I declined, acknow-

ledging my deficiency in thickness of skull, and yielding the palm at once to him. Old Colin, who then commanded the 98th, said, "I think, J——s, you had much better not have spoken."

A most amusing trick was played here upon an assistant-surgeon of the Hussars, and continued upon others with the greatest success. It was about the best thing that ever took place, and my great assistant in it now commands a gallant Hussar regiment in the Madras Presidency. Dr. P——n, of the Hussars, was certainly very much fonder of sport of every description than he was of the medical profession, and I should have been very sorry ever to have come under his hands either for an operation or a dose of physic. At the same time he was one of the most guileless, innocent, and unsuspicious of human beings. I recollect one day asking him to come down town with me, when he said "he could not, as he had to go round among his patients at a certain time."

I said, "Why, D——n is our officer of the day, and he'll do your duty for you."

"Well, I'll go, if he will." And then, for the first time struck with the absurdity of a subaltern doing doctor's duty, he said, "Do you think he knows enough of the medical profession to do it?"

I think if I had persuaded him he would have allowed D——n to take his place at the bedside of his patients.

If ever P——n had any great idea it was that he could drive a coach and four, and a steeple-chase being about to take place four or five miles from Burnley, between poor Cobbe, killed at the Redan, and Lounds, 15th Hussars, we all determined to hire a mail coach, and put P——n on the box, anticipating no end of fun. Accordingly the coach was hired from Blackburn, and four fine horses were put into it. Knox and myself decided that our driver P——n must be dressed in proper style, and we accordingly manufactured for our coachee one of the most extraordinary and *outré* uniforms ever imagined, and easily persuaded him to put it on. The dress consisted of large Hessian boots with green plush breeches, a capacious blue waistcoat, and a red coat almost down

to his heels, profusely trimmed with gold lace; a gold-laced cocked hat on his head completed this most unique costume.

The coach being brought into the barracks, it was nearly filled inside and outside, and our charioteer being ensconced on the box, we proceeded on our journey to the steeple-chase, but had very nearly come to grief on getting outside the gate, where there was a steep hill and a sharp turn. Passing through the town, P——n and his dress were cheered to his heart's delight, and I should think a happier man at that moment never breathed. We here took up some soldiers, who completed our cargo. P——n was anything but a bad coachman, and we reached our destination and returned home without any accident.

For a day or two P——n strutted about as proud as a peacock of his achievements in the charioteer line, when one morning he came to K——x and me with a very long face, at the same time producing an official letter, and requesting our advice. The letter purported to be from two well-known magistrates of Blackburn, summoning him

to attend their court in that town on a certain day, in consequence of informations laid against him by one John Browne, for "having driven a mail-coach without a licence, and for having, in addition, carried many more passengers on it than were allowed by Act of Parliament; the punishment for the above being heavy fine or imprisonment."

This letter had been written by K——x and myself, and put into the post-office at Blackburn, where we had three companies stationed at the time. Poor P——n was in a very perplexed state of mind, but we told him we would see the magistrates mentioned, and try to arrange matters. We accordingly went over to Blackburn, and persuaded Sidly, a captain of ours, and the Honourable Mr. L——l, barrack-master, to act the part of the two magistrates. We also wrote a letter to P——n in their name, saying, "That in consequence of his being an officer in the army, they would take a lenient view of the matter, and instead of the trial taking place in a public court, they would arrange

to have it in the mess-room of the 86th at Blackburn.

Ned P—t, in the meantime, was dressed up as the informer, John Browne.

P——n was very grateful to the justices for the lenient view of his conduct they seemed disposed to take, and a day being fixed for the trial, the whole Burnley garrison proceeded to Blackburn. It was fortunate that P——n had never seen one of our officers quartered there, and consequently they were strangers to him, a circumstance which was necessary to the success of our joke.

Shortly after our arrival, Messrs. S——y and L——l were introduced into the mess-room as Messrs. B—— and H——, both in the grave garments that fitted their magisterial capacity, and looking as pompous as possible. Having taken their seats, John Browne, alias Ned P—tt, the informer, was brought in, and being duly sworn on an old volume of "Roderick Random," detailed to the Court the circumstances connected with the mail-coach, &c. The cross-examination by P——n, under our auspices, was, of

course, rendered most ridiculous, and any person but an innocent like himself must have found everything out, from the peals of laughter with which every step in the proceedings was greeted. He spoke of Browne with great indignation, saying his conduct was most infamous and detestable, and asked him if it would not be much better for him to earn an honest livelihood by digging potatoes to feed his wife and children; Browne having stated that he had a wife and six children· in his cross-examination, I thought everyone would go into fits.

We had written a defence for him, which he read with great emphasis. In this he stated his right, as a military man, to drive a chariot and four horses, or even six; reading extracts from the chariot laws of Queen Boadicea, the Roman empress, as he stated her to be; then touched on the institutions of the Medes and Persians, giving a glance at the legislation of Pontius Pilate, finally coming down to William the Conqueror, from whose epoch he gradually descended the stream of time, until he came to King William the Fourth.

But it was of no avail; the magistrates found him guilty, but said, in consideration of his great learning and powerful defence, they would pass as lenient a sentence as possible. If it had not been for his speech they would have sentenced him to imprisonment, particularly for his gross attack upon that honest man, John Browne, who had only informed because it was his duty, and for the support of his poor sick wife and six children. He must therefore pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and give two securities that he would not again be guilty of similar conduct. Poor P——n pulled out his purse, containing all the money he had in the world, which we had advised him to take with him, in case it should be necessary, and K——x and myself became security for his future good conduct. P——n, in a few affecting words, thanked the magistrates for their great leniency, and the Court dissolved.

We all returned to Burnley sick with laughing; but the affair was not yet over, for two days after Messrs. S——y and L——l received a letter purporting to be from the Blackburn Magistrates, Messrs. B—— and

H—— calling upon them for an explanation of their conduct in having assumed the names and titles of magistrates, and carried out their functions on a mock trial in the mess room of the 86th Regiment. Messrs. S——y and L——l, almost frightened out of their wits, came over to Burnley, and not well knowing what to do, wrote a long letter of apology. We replied that we would call upon Messrs. B—— and H——, and arrange everything quietly, and after keeping them in suspense for several days, we informed them that everything was amicably settled, and nothing more was to be said about it.

A few days after, P——t came over to Burnley and happened to come in front of the barracks where P——n was speaking to me; seizing hold of my arm and pulling me he said,

"Stuart, how like that gentleman is to that villain Browne, the informer."

I said, "There is certainly some likeness, but you know it can't be he."

"Of course it can't be," he said, "but introduce me."

I introduced him, and he stared hard at

P——t, who could scarcely keep his countenance. When P——t said he had just returned from France after three months' absence, he assured us that, however great the likeness, he was perfectly certain it was not his friend Browne.

That evening K——x and myself told P——n the trick that had been played on him and returned him his money. He was so delighted in getting the latter, that he joined in the laugh, and dined at our mess with his friend Browne the informer. When Messrs. S——y and L——l were told of the trick that had been played on them, they did not appreciate it quite so much.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CORNWELL AND HIS DICE—PAYING DEARLY FOR TWO MESS GUESTS—DISGRACEFUL TRANSACTION—ROW AT WIGAN—RESCUE BY SOLDIERS—TWO CHARTISTS—SIR CHARLES NAPIER—RECRUITING SERVICE—DENNIS NIEL AND NELLY—CAPTAIN BARCLAY OF URY—SANDY MACKAY—BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK—JOCK O' THE BEAN—CURIOUS BADGER-BAITING—TRICKS ON THE CLERGY—SCENE AT MY MARRIAGE.

WHILE at Burnley, a rather pretty-looking girl used to bring me every morning milk for breakfast. She was married to a soldier of the 97th, who, however, was with his regiment, and always appeared to me to be a harmless, innocent, well-behaved girl. Her father kept the canteen, and she resided with him. Two or three years after, this young girl was the occasion of a dreadful tragedy, which many will well remember. She had two suitors, one being poor O'Grady, of the 60th, and the other Maurice, head mess-waiter of the 2nd. It

appeared that the latter was jealous of O'Grady, whether with reason or not I cannot say, but it is certain that on one occasion when he saw the lovers together he stabbed them both with a large carving-knife, and immediately after committed suicide with the same weapon.

Maurice's father was a retired officer living at the small town of Inverury, near Aberdeen; at least, I was told so, being on the Staff at Aberdeen when the fearful event occurred.

From Burnley we proceeded to Stockport, where Chartist riots had begun, and we were employed all over the country. It was here that a rather interesting occurrence took place, showing how careful people ought to be in playing any game of hazard with those they know comparatively little of. I had met a certain person, whose name on account of his family I will not give, at the mess of a regiment I was most intimate with. Meeting this person at Doncaster, I asked him, if he passed where we were stationed, to give us a call and dine with me. About a month afterwards he did so, early in the

morning, bringing with him a person I shall call Cox. I introduced him to many of my brother officers, and in going into P——t's room, he espied a dice-box on the mantel-piece. Taking it up and finding no dice in it, he said,

"I have got several sets of spare dice, and will bring you up a pair, when I come to dinner."

We replied that they were of no use to us, as we never played amongst ourselves—and thought no more of the matter.

A little before the last bugle for dinner, my two friends arrived and came up to my room, when to my surprise the one I had known took a dice-box out of his pocket and said,

"By the by, here are the dice I promised P——t."

The oddness of the transaction never struck me at the time, and I said, "You had better leave them on the mantel-piece."

We then went to mess, and it being guest night, there was a large party. The champagne flowed freely, and so did the tongue of Master Cox, while my other friend was very

quiet. If we were to believe Cox, the half of Herefordshire belonged to him, and he had as many hunters in his stable as John Scott had horses in training for the Derby. However he managed to make us believe he was no end of a swell, and we were all asked to his place in Herefordshire, where he said he would give us mounts to our hearts' content. The mess party broke up about half-past ten o'clock, and nearly all adjourned to my room. Having occasion to go down town for an hour, I left them with cigars and brandy-and-water, and when I returned found Mr. Cox and five or six others playing hazard for silver, and my other friend enjoying a fox's sleep in my arm-chair; but he gradually awoke, and with myself joined the players. One after another soon departed, and no one was left but P——t and myself and the two strangers. The play had gradually increased in amount, and P——t and myself had lost all our ready money between sixty and seventy pounds each. I then refused to play any longer, but P——t and, I will call him Cornwell, continued the game, myself and Cox looking on. Poor P——t lost

throw after throw, and when Cornwell had the box and called seven, a four always came up, and, taking two to one on the odds, he invariably won throwing the four.

I gradually began to think all was not right, and P——t having by this time lost nearly eight hundred pounds, I determined on the course I should pursue. P——t having involuntary exclaimed, when the four again turned up, "Where the deuce did you get those dice?" Mr. Cox suddenly seized them, and throwing them down on the table again, said, "I brought them, let them be examined." It was quite clear to me, although not to poor Ned, that he had taken up the false dice and thrown down the real ones, being quite prepared so to do.

I now stopped the game, and on Cornwell asking P——t for a cheque, or I.O.U., I said it would be better to settle everything in the morning, and they took their departure, carrying away with them about one hundred and thirty pounds in ready money; and, no doubt, fancying they were to receive eight hundred pounds more in the morning.

Without telling P——t my intentions, I sent him off to bed, and at once knocked up Maurice Mahon, now of the 9th Lancers, and told him what had happened, saying that having, unluckily, brought the two scoundrels to the mess, I considered myself responsible. At six o'clock that morning, Mahon went to the hotel of the two swindlers, and informed them that "I looked upon them as two infernal villains, who had brought false dice, that I was ready to fight one or both of them, but that not one farthing of the eight hundred pounds lost by P——t should be paid to them."

They quietly left the town, without taking any notice of my message, nor was P——t ever after applied to for the money. Cox, I found out, was a hell-keeper in London, and I believe was finally transported. Cornwall died about a year ago, highly praised by certain papers, as a jolly good companion; I don't suppose they were aware of his dicing merits.

My friends Mahon and Faulkner, being stationed at Rochdale, I went to pay them a visit, and spend St. Patrick's day with

them; but I wish I had not, for the day after I became acquainted with a Lancashire clog, that sent me into the sick-list for nearly two months. Coming out of the theatre with my friends and the present Major-general L——th,* a man accused me of having insulted a girl with him. I had never even spoken to one, and he must have mistaken me for some one else. Notwithstanding my total denial, he continued his abuse and finally struck me. I was in uniform at the time, and I think the whole thing was made up, for they are a shocking radical lot in those parts, and hate soldiers.

I, at once, returned the blow, but he immediately rushed at me and seized hold of my legs, when down I came, and before I could get up, he kicked me twice in the face and head with his large clogs, and I at once became insensible. I was carried to the barracks, and it was a long time before I came to myself. My head was almost twice its usual size, and my face was terribly swollen. I could not be removed to Stockport for several days, my head and face were leached continually for a fortnight,

* Since dead.

and I could take nothing but pap. It was some months before I perfectly recovered.

I look upon the lower orders of Lancashire and Yorkshire as far, very far, greater savages than the poor Irish, who are so abused. I have seen sights in these counties which would almost make a man's blood run cold. The most frightful scene I ever witnessed was an up and down fight between two men for ten pounds a side, and I never went to see another. In the first round one man's knee-cap was kicked off. I did not remain to see the termination of the murderous affair; but I heard the man so severely injured in the early part of the fight died two days after. One day, walking through the town of Burnley with a brother-officer, Thursby, we heard, in passing the Thorn Inn, a great row in the stable-yard, and went to see what it was about. We saw an old man, at least sixty years of age, whom we recognized as gamekeeper to a Mr. A——l, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, rise up from on top of another, a young man, who was covered with blood and had fainted. The old man had been a

celebrated up and down fighter from his youth, and had not forgotten the craft in his maturer years. They had quarrelled, fought it out, and the senior was the victor. I was told that this fellow had, in his time, seriously injured upwards of twenty men. So much for Lancashire thirty-six years ago. Whoever has been at Todmorden in those days, will, I am sure, never forget that misfortune. I would sooner have been stationed at Timbuctoo.

We were moved about from one part of Lancashire to another, now here, now there. We had been to Manchester, Stockport, Bolton, Burnley, Blackburn, Haydock Lodge, Liverpool, Todmorten, Rochdale and Wigan, and began to call ourselves—The Lancashire Guards.

While at Wigan, a most unfortunate affair took place. A young officer had joined us, named F——r. Having "overrun the constable," the bailiffs were on the look-out for him, and came to Wigan, where he was quartered. Meeting P—t in the street they mistook him for F——r, and he, foolishly at the time not informing them of their mistake,

quietly went with them to the hotel. Becoming, however, tired of his position, he informed them that he was not the man, and attempted to leave the room. This the myrmidons of the law refused to permit, and in consequence a scuffle ensued. The barracks were close to the hotel, and a little drummer boy, named Bergen, rushed into them, and said, "there were men bating Mr. P—t." Some of the men, headed by C——h, rushed to the hotel, rescued P—t, and I believe the bailiffs received some rough treatment. They were not, however, assaulted either by P—t or C——h, nor were they severe sufferers from the "dreadful military outrage," as the papers of the day called it.

P——t, C——h, F——r, and the little drummer boy were all tried at the Liverpool assizes for the assault on the person of "John Doe and Richard Roe." What F——r was tried for no one could make out, as he was not present at all in the affair.

He and the little drummer boy were acquitted, and the other two sentenced, P—t to twelve months imprisonment, and C——h to six months; a most severe and unjust

sentence, and so the military authorities must have thought, as no official notice was taken of their conduct.

They were tried on the same day as Bronterre O'Brien and O'Connor, the Chartists, conveyed to Kirkdale prison in the same van, and for the first night occupied the same room.

It was natural to suppose that aristocrats and Chartists could not pass a night together without a row of some description; and such took place, the Chartists getting a good thrashing, and "sarved them right." After a lapse of thirty-two years, I now state, as being perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances, that neither P—t nor C——h ever laid their hands upon the bailiffs, for which they were so severely punished.

Sir Charles Napier came down in a furious rage to Wigan, ordered the four companies to parade, harangued them, and ordered the "ringleaders" to step to the front.

The whole four companies stepped forward three paces, and as it was impossible to punish the whole, the innocent were pitched upon, and our colonel deprived the colour-

sergeants of their colours, who had no more to do with it than I had, who was sixty miles away at the time.

The regiment was now ordered to Belfast, and from thence we went to Dublin. My father's old friend, General D'Aquilar, was on the staff there, and on my wishing to go on the recruiting service, forwarded my application, and I was at once appointed to Aberdeen.

On my way to that city, I spent three days in Glasgow with my old aunt of "Pilgrim's Progress" recollections, and a kind old lady I found her to be. At that time the great schism in the Kirk of Scotland was going on, and she was a regular free-kirker. On the eve of my departure, I found she had perfectly crammed my portmanteau and carpet-bag with tracts, as she said, to convert the "puir sodgers" at Aberdeen. A few days after my arrival in that northern city, having installed as my head clerk a certain corporal of the 78th, named Allerdice, I asked him if he would take and distribute the tracts among the different parties. Allerdice's nose looked as if he rather indulged

in "whiskey," and such I found out to be the case. "Weel, Sir," he said, "I think they'll do verra weel for the pipes." So I wrote to my aunt, and informed her "that the light which dawned upon the soldiers' countenances when using her tracts was something wonderful."

My servant, Denis Neil, and his wife were to follow me with my luggage, *viâ* Glasgow and Edinburgh, and I had told them to call upon my aunt. This they did, and were kept for two days in her house; an incident which she regarded as very fortunate, for did it not give her a chance of converting the "haythen Irish?" Denis and Nelly Neil both belonging to the Church of the Seven Hills.

One of the days which they spent in Glasgow was Sunday, and they were both induced to go to the kirk, but Denis bolted at the door, as he told me. "Be Jabers, Sir, Nelly was a close prisoner, and had to go and hear the prayers. Oh! and the fine new shawl and gown she got from the ould lady."

My aunt wrote to say she had no hopes of

Denis, but she thought Nelly had seen the error of her ways, and that if I followed up her good work she might be one of the chosen. Alas for poor Nelly! Denis died at Hydrabad, in Scinde, and the last I heard of his relict was, that she was driving about Bombay in a coach and horses as the mistress of a Parsee, named Rustangee Rumagee, or some such name.

In Aberdeen, the "Free Kirk" controversy raged among great and small, high and low. A story is told of two women of the lower orders meeting; one belonging to the Established Kirk, and the other to the "Free."

"Oh, Janet!" said the former, "do ye ken what's happened? Maggie's got a wean (child)."

"And wha's the feyther," said Janet.

"Wha but the Meenister," replied Nance.

"Oh! the villain, the scoundrel, hanging's too guid for him; ye'll come o'er to our kirk noo, Nance?"

"Ay, but ye've mad a mistake Janet, it's nae our Meenister, but yours—the Free Kirk ane," said Nance.

"The Free Kirk ane," said Janet, and after a pause, added, "Eh, Nance! the Lord's lambs maun hae their play sometimes."

A beautiful city is Aberdeen, and few streets in Europe can vie with Union Street, built of the celebrated granite for which the county is famous. A hospitable kindly set are the Aberdonians, and in my time there was plenty of fun and sport of every kind to be had. Fishing and shooting in every variety, and the Lairds were no niggards of their permission. I often had the pleasure of meeting the late Captain Barclay of Uri, and many a talk we had of pugilism, and the men he had trained. A most severe trainer he was, and nearly broke the heart of Cribb, when he was going to fight Molineux the black. Cribb would lie down and cry from the work Barclay gave him. Captain Barclay declared that the finest man he had ever trained, if he could have been taught to fight, was Mackay. His strength was prodigious, and his courage undoubted, but he could not use his hands, and was killed

by Simon Byrne, who was himself killed by "Deaf Burke" the following year.

Mackay's family had been for three generations with the Barclays, and his father and grandfather were as much celebrated for their strength as their descendant was. Mackay's grandfather was in a Highland Fencible Regiment, and, when stationed in Stirling, an English prizefighter came there to exhibit. At that time the art of pugilism was almost unknown in Scotland, and, the Englishman having offered to fight any man in the town, Mackay, who was noted for his great strength, was asked if he would accept the challenge. "I can't fight," he said, "but I once knocked down a bull, so I'll try the Southern." The fight came off, and Mackay killed his opponent the first blow he struck him. He afterwards became a travelling tinker, and journeyed about the country with his jackass. One day he came upon the pleasant lands of Uri, and lay down within the plantation wall, where his companion was joyfully engaged in cropping the sweet green herbage. Old Barclay, walking in his grounds, and seeing the trespassers,

as the story goes, seized the jackass and pitched him into the road, a feat which required no small exertion of strength. To his astonishment, the owner of the said quadruped jumped into the road and tossed the animal back again. Tradition says that this game at battledore and shuttlecock continued for some time, much to the inconvenience I should opine of the said jackass. The contest, however, ended in Mackay taking up his abode at Uri, and there he remained.

There was at this time in Aberdeen a man called Jock of the Bean, a very fine, handsome-looking young fellow, who promised to follow in the footsteps of Mackay. This man would draw a badger, or a brock, as they call them in Scotland, out of a box with his teeth alone; the box being made large enough to admit his enormous shoulders. He did this repeatedly, notwithstanding the dreadful punishment he at times received from the brock; and although his face was terribly lacerated, he never failed to bring out the animal. At one time some speculative Aberdonian had projected taking him to London, but it was found that although

endowed with Herculean strength, and the most indomitable pluck, he could never be taught to use his hands with sufficient dexterity to compete with English pugilists, and would, in all probability, have met the fate of his countryman, for I am sure he would have died sooner than have given in.

In Aberdeen I met my old friend, Jock G——t, who erected the gallows for Fenelon at St. Kitts. He lived some miles in the country, and had taken to wife in his old days a very nice person in the shape of a buxom widow. Once, while spending a few days at his place, an event occurred that makes me sometimes doubt whether, after having been married thirty years, I am really married at all, but I think I may consider myself safe now from that infernal marriage law of Scotland.

On one occasion we had a very pleasant dance after a dinner party, and much liquor had been imbibed, so that, when we sat down to supper, the male part of the guests were more or less elevated, both our worthy host and the minister of the parish having evidently what was called a "drappie in their

ee." I was sitting next to them, with a very pretty girl, whose name I forget, when Jock said in a joking manner, "Meenister, they'd make a nice couple; what do ye say to wedding them?" and then turning to me, added, "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Entering into the fun I said "Yes." He then asked the young lady the same question, only substituting the word "husband" for "wife," and she answered "Yes," when the minister suddenly said, "I declare you both to be man and wife." The dance continued, and was kept up until early in the dawn.

When I awoke about eight o'clock, I began to reflect upon what had taken place, and, being at the time engaged to my present wife, the reflection was anything but pleasant, and I could not help conjuring up all the frightful stories of Scotch marriages I had heard of, until I began to fancy I was a gone coon.

Looking out of the window I saw my host walking in the garden, and, putting on my clothes, I went down to him. He also had been thinking of the foolish business that had

taken place, the worst part of which was the minister's concluding words.

"There's one chance," said Jock, "you're no great catch, and, taking all that into consideration, you'll hear no more about it."

The minister, on getting up in the morning, recollected nothing of the transaction, and was terribly vexed when he was reminded of it. I believe it is required by the Scotch law that the marriage, to be effectual, must be consummated, and as I can assert on my oath that it never was, I suppose that I may now consider myself safe; but, notwithstanding Jock's opinion of my being no catch, I was in a most awful fright, for, as the old Scotch proverb says, "Guid kens what may enter the head of a young lassie."

I have known one or two fearful instances of this Scotch law of marriage. Duncan C—— was as handsome a young fellow as ever joined a regiment, a cadet of one of the oldest and most renowned Highland families, standing six feet three, as magnificent a specimen of a Highland lad as could be met with, and his dis-

position and temper were equally agreeable. We were subalterns together, although not in the same regiment. A year or two after we had been thrown together, his corps was stationed in that sink of iniquity, Glasgow. One night he went with several others to a house of ill-fame, where he drank deeply, and awoke next morning to find himself the husband of a common prostitute. There was no doubt the marriage in a drunken moment had taken place, and there were many witnesses to it, all ready to come forward. Legal advice was taken, but the bond was found to be indissoluble, and although matters were arranged by giving a pecuniary allowance to the woman, poor Duncan never held up his head afterwards, took to drinking, and in a short time died in Dublin of "delirium tremens."

Another instance is even more painful. A young man of fortune held a commission in a Lancer regiment, about thirty-six years ago, and I had the statement of his matrimonial adventure from his own mouth. He had been very fond of a young girl in the North of Ireland, not in the same sphere of life

as himself, but still very respectable. Being occasionally in that part of the world with his yacht, he gave her and her two brothers a sail. On one of these occasions they proposed going to Portpatrick in Scotland, which they did, and spent the day and night at a small hotel in the place. My friend asserted that he was drugged, but, whether such was the case or not, he awoke in the morning in bed with the sister, and was then and there informed that the night previous he had married her according to the Scotch law, the brothers and the landlord of the hotel and his wife being present. The marriage could not be annulled, and he settled four hundred a year upon the girl and her brothers to keep the matter secret. Years passed away, the money was regularly paid, and, considering himself perfectly safe, he in a moment of passion and thoughtlessness, incited by love, married a young lady belonging to one of the most respectable families in Dublin, and well known in that city.

A year passed away and a son was born to him. No remonstrance had come from the other woman, and he considered himself quite

secure, when one day he received a lawyer's letter by which it was intimated to him that, "she intended to have him tried for bigamy, unless he parted from his present wife, and informed her of his previous marriage." His former wife stuck pertinaciously to the point, notwithstanding the offer he made her. As long as he remained single the girl had not cared to prefer her claim; but, now that another was substituted for herself, she cared more for revenge than money, and insisted on her bond. He was obliged to comply with her demand, and his second wife was legally informed "that she was no wife and her son illegitimate." I need not depict the agony and affliction she suffered on this, announcement. This is an "owre true tale," and well known to many.

My regiment was now under orders for the Cape, but the Afghan business taking place at this time they were counter-ordered, and their destination changed to India.

Having obtained my company, I made preparations to join it, but I had one slight ceremony to go through previously, that of

marriage. I had thrown over the Scotch marriage, the lady having laughingly declared that she would never claim me.

Previous to leaving Aberdeen, a few friends gave me a dinner at Macrae's Hotel. I do not know whether my readers are aware of a simple fact, and I am afraid I am doing some mischief in disclosing the secret. If you warm an iron spoon in the fire, and place a pinch of Cayenne pepper upon it, then put it under the door of a building containing one thousand men, you will, in a few minutes, see them rush out, fancying themselves suffocated, so powerful an effect has the Cayenne.

Previous to the dinner in question I had sent to London for a new suit of clothes, in which I purposed being married, and as they had arrived I put them on for the party, in order to do honour to my friends. I should mention that a number of the Presbytery of Aberdeen were located in the house, a meeting of that body having been held in the city the last day or two.

We passed a very jolly evening, and towards the "sma' hours" it was proposed

to give some of the worthy ministers the benefit of the "Cayenne trick," and accordingly, proceeding to the kitchen, we managed to coax the cooks out of a few iron spoons, which we heated and placed, with the pepper in them, under several doors. The effect was magical, for no sooner had the heat been applied than the members of the venerable body rushed out of their rooms in every kind of costume, and some almost without any costume at all. No one could account for the disturbance, while we of course appeared as innocent as children, and, for our own protection, were obliged to cough as well as the rest, and as all, except the cooks and waiters, were ignorant who the offenders were, and they of course would not split, we were not discovered. The "clargy," however, were afterwards avenged, as will be seen in due course.

I left my kind friends in Aberdeen, and proceeding to England, crossed over to a certain island to be married. My father-in-law being well-known and much beloved and respected, the roads to the church were crowded on the day of the ceremony, a most

lovely one, and the church itself was crammed to the roof. I took my place with my intended bride by the altar with all the courage of a soldier, and the ceremony proceeded. The clergyman had got about half through it when, having occasion to use my pocket-handkerchief, I put my hand into my pocket, pulled it out, and applied it to my nose; but, "great heavens!" what were my sensations when I felt my eyes full of "Cayenne pepper," the irritation of which was most intolerable. On the night of the dinner in Aberdeen I had placed the paper of "Cayenne," with which we had committed the atrocities on the reverend gentlemen, in the pocket of my dress-coat, and thought no more about it; and on the morning of the marriage, having put a clean silk pocket-handkerchief into my pocket, never dreaming of what I had placed there before, I was punished for my delinquency by the Cayenne, which had got loose from the paper; and consequently when I applied it to my nose it flew into my eyes, and for a few moments caused most excruciating torments. The water was running down my

cheeks, and I dared not apply the handkerchief, in dread of getting another dose. Meantime everyone was staring at me, and I heard several whispers of "Poor young man, how affected he is!" and other sympathetic remarks much to the same effect. I thought the ceremony would never be over, and when it was finished, the clergyman who married me came up, and, shaking my hand, said, "My young friend, I am sorry to see you so affected on this joyous occasion." I am sorry to say that, forgetting the place I was in, and everything except my agony, I replied, "Affected, not a bit, it's the d—d Cayenne pepper," which, I may add, made me suffer for two or three days in a way I cannot describe, leaving some bitter recollections connected with the happiest day of my life.

CHAPTER V.

ORDERED TO INDIA—ANNOYING DELAY—SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF SHIP-AGENTS—LEGAL PROCEEDINGS—MY LAST DUEL—TWO GENEROUS IRISHMEN—OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA—ALEXANDRIA—INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI—ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY—VOYAGE TO VINGORLA—A HOUSE FULL OF WOMEN—FAMILY PRAYERS—BILLY BARLOW—SPOILING THE EGYPTIAN—BELGAUM—SPORT IN INDIA—ENCOUNTERS WITH SNAKES.

THE Regiment was now ordered to India, and obtaining permission to find my own passage, I at once proceeded to London, and, hearing that a ship would sail for Bombay in a week or two, I engaged passages for myself and wife. After doing so, I heard so bad an account of the way passengers had been treated in this ship, that I went to the agents and made them enter into a contract to furnish certain fresh provisions, &c. This of course annoyed those connected with the vessel, and hence

occurred the circumstance I am going to relate.

Day after day was named for our departure, but it was put off from time to time, for some reason or other, until we were perfectly annoyed and disgusted. After nearly a month's delay, directions were sent to put our luggage on board, as they would positively sail next evening, but when that time came we appeared to be as far off from sailing as ever. On Sunday my wife and self paid a visit to Chelsea Hospital, and on our return I was suddenly seized with scarlet fever, and by ten o'clock the same night I was delirious. In the meantime a note arrived from the agents, to say they would certainly sail on Tuesday. Of course it was impossible I could be moved, and a cousin of mine, a barrister of some note, went to the agents, stated the condition I was in, and requested that my wife's luggage and my own should be landed. They said certainly not, unless the whole passage money was paid, that I had put the screw upon them, and they would now return the compliment. My cousin then said,

"I will bring him on board as he is."

"We will not receive him," was the reply, "under infectious scarlet fever," and away they sailed with my goods and chattels.

I was very dangerously ill for more than a fortnight, but, when convalescent, my cousin, who was a great friend of the then Sir Frederick Pollock, took me to call upon that famous lawyer and ask his advice. We were received most kindly, and on hearing our story he expressed the greatest indignation at the conduct of the ship-agents, and said, "that most decidedly we had excellent grounds for an action," and advised our bringing one at once. We therefore wrote to the owners threatening an action, unless certain conditions were complied with. All were refused, and we received a very insulting letter, telling us to do our worst. We accordingly commenced operations, and managed to change the venue to Guildford in Surrey, and a 'Special Jury.' The case was tried in June, 1842, before Lord Abinger; the present Lord Chelmsford being my counsel, and my opponent's the late Baron

Platt. I laid my damages at one thousand pounds.

Some witnesses were examined, and Lord Abinger so espoused my cause that my opponent's counsel said,

"My Lord, I can't stand this, you are Counsel, Jury, Judge and all."

"Very well," replied his Lordship, "the Jury know my opinion of this, I will not say what case."

Without leaving the box, the jury gave me a verdict for the full amount claimed. Previous to going into Court, one of the owners came up and offered to bet me one hundred pounds to ten they won the suit.

On the trial, a very handsome young Scotchman gave evidence, and stated circumstances that never occurred; and in less than one year after my arrival in India, I learned from the newspapers that this young man had been indicted for "perjury," convicted and sentenced.

As my opponents applied for a new trial, I was advised to compromise the matter. This I did by getting an order to receive my

luggage, free of expense at Bombay, and a bonus of three hundred and fifty pounds, which, with the law expenses, must have made it rather a dear job for the Liverpool owners of the craft. I believe, had the trial taken place in London, a different result might have been seen. But the "Special Jury" were all country gentlemen, and took their own view of the matter.

I breakfasted at the hotel in the morning. There was only another person and myself. We entered into conversation, and joining tables I gave him an account of what had brought me to Guildford, expatiating on the hardship of the case. I could not help smiling when I saw him in the jury-box as Foreman, and remembered how he had sympathised with me when telling my story.

Having received additional leave from the Horse Guards, I proceeded to spend a month with my mother at St. Servan in Brittany, before going to India overland; and as at this place occurred my third, and, I am happy to say, my last duel, I may as well tell how it came to pass, a statement that will bear me

out in my assertion that I was not the aggressor in any of them.

There was little or nothing to do in St. Servan except visit the Casino and play écarté. I had done so several times with a person named G——n, about forty years of age, and an Irishman. I had lost some few pounds to him, which I paid. One day, however, luck took a turn, and I won from him in my turn. He lost his temper, and suggested several times that we should increase the stakes. This I refused to do, saying that I was playing for as much as I could afford. He accused me of illiberality, and in a most insulting manner repeated the words. I said, "If you think to bully me, you have mistaken your man."

He put down the cards and said, "Do you call me a bully, sir?"

I replied, "If you go on as you have done for the last quarter of an hour, I should certainly think so."

"D—n you, sir, am I a bully?"

"Most decidedly, sir," I replied.

"Then you are an infernal liar," was the reply.

Upon which I knocked him down, displacing several of his teeth, when some Frenchmen interfered, and I left the Casino, well knowing what must happen.

This was about four o'clock in the day, and in half-an-hour a gentleman called upon me, and left his card—"Lieutenant-Colonel Jack, late 18th Hussars." When I saw him, he stated that he came upon the part of Mr. G——n, to request an immediate meeting. I replied that, although I should be happy to indulge that gentleman, I was in want of a certain requisite, a second, not knowing a single person in St. Servan. (I had only been introduced to the Messrs. Handcock the day before.)

Colonel Jack said, "I am very sorry, but the gross insult Mr. G——n has been subjected to must be at once atoned for, and if you cannot get a second you must do without one."

I replied, "I don't agree with you at all. I think the word 'liar' quite equivalent to the blow. However," I said, "I will see Mr. Handcock, and, as he is an Irishman, perhaps he will pull me through."

I went to the Messrs. Handcocks' house, and luckily found them both at home. As one of them was married, and had a large family, I could not ask for his services; but the elder brother at once said, on hearing my story, "Faith, I'll go with you, my boy; but G——n is a desperate fellow, and these affairs are not at all new to him."

Handcock at once went to Colonel Jack, and it was agreed we were to meet at six o'clock that evening by the sea-side, in a secluded spot. I was wrong in saying I did not know any person in St. Servan, for an old friend of my father's, Captain Roy, late 71st, lived there; but as he had a large family I did not think of applying to him, and his Highland blood was in such a rage at my not doing so, that when the affair was over he was nearly having me out himself.

We all met within a quarter of a mile of the ground, viz., the two Handcocks, Jack, G——n, a French doctor, and myself, walking close together until we reached the ground. G——n commenced to abuse me in the most frightful language, as well as he could speak from the loss of his teeth, nor

could the remonstrances of Jack stop him. I said nothing, and we finally took our ground at ten paces. G——n covered me at once with his pistol, but the married Handcock calling out "Shame, shame," he desisted. The word was given, and G——n fired, his ball hitting my Glengarry cap. I did not fire. G——n upon this said, "Blast you, why did you not fire?"

My reply was, "I won't fire at a man with ten children."

He then broke out into worse abuse than before, and swore he would have another shot. This, of course, was contrary to all rule, but, on my begging the seconds to allow him the indulgence, they consented, much to my astonishment (the reason was not explained to me until seventeen years after).

We again took our ground, G——n fired, and I, as before, discharged my pistol in the air. This did not satisfy the savage, but again he broke out into most abusive epithets, and said he would insult me next day at the St. Malo races, if I dared go there. I now fairly lost my temper, and, going up to him, said, "You infernal scoundrel, if I meet you

to-morrow at the races, and you attempt to fulfil your threat, I'll break every bone in your body, and then give you over to the gendarmes."

We then left the ground. When I met Handcock in England years after he said, "You must have been surprised at my allowing G——n another shot. Jack and I agreed it was best to do so; but we put no ball in the pistols the second time."

Next day I went to the St. Malo races with a little tree in my fist. I saw my friend there, and looked him in the face, but he fairly funked, and walked quietly away.

A few days after this unpleasant affair I started with my wife overland to India, having been joined by a brother-officer, poor Lucas, who did not live long after our arrival in the country. A fine handsome fellow he was, and a very pleasant companion. In those days, now upwards of thirty-one years ago, the overland route was not the pleasant trip it is now. At Cairo I had a smart attack of fever, of which, however, the bracing air of the desert soon cured me. We crossed the desert upon donkeys—a most fatiguing

journey it was—and duly arrived in Bombay.

I may mention that, when at Alexandria, having a letter of introduction from Colonel Campbell, late Consul in Egypt, to His Excellency Boghas Bey, the Armenian Prime Minister to Mehemet Ali, I had the honour of an interview with that sovereign, so celebrated in Egyptian history. Mehemet Ali was very fond of Colonel Campbell, and, on my being introduced, I was granted the honour of a pipe (only presented to noblemen and great people), and I remained for nearly an hour and a half conversing through a French interpreter with the great destroyer of the Mamelukes. He was a very little man, and the only thing I particularly noticed was his deadly eye, which seemed like that of a corpse. When he stared at you, which he invariably did, you felt as if you were under the influence of some demon. The conversation was principally about the war in China, in which we were then engaged. Boghas Bey presented me with a handsome pipe, and some boxes of beautiful tobacco, out of regard for his friend Colonel Campbell.

My wife and myself arrived in Bombay November, 1842, and found the regiment had gone to Bèlgaum, in the Southern Mahratta country, after losing nearly one hundred men at Colaba from cholera; and as usual, many of the finest men died. After remaining nearly ten days in Bombay, and receiving the greatest kindness from Colonel and Mrs. Campbell, nephew to my old friend the Consul-general for Egypt, Lucas and ourselves hired a country boat, and proceeded to Vingorla, the seaport nearest our destination, Belgaum. We had anything but a pleasant voyage, for the rats and cockroaches were a perfect nuisance; in fact it seemed to me that the latter were as big as rats, and the rats as big as cats. We were therefore delighted when we landed at the very pretty picturesque village of Vingorla, and put up at the comfortable traveller's bungalow.

In an hour or two a gentleman who held some prominent situation or other called upon us, and asked my wife and self to breakfast next morning. He was mounted

on a beautiful little tattoo or country pony, and certainly showed him off well. The owner was about as comical a looking little fellow as I ever saw, with a merry twinkle in his eye that was perfectly enchanting, and that almost made you laugh without knowing why.

We accepted his invitation, and he departed, but my wife, having suffered dreadfully all night from that most most agonizing of all pains, ear-ache, was not able to go with me to breakfast, and I therefore started myself. On arriving at our friend's bungalow, beautifully situated on the top of a hill, I was introduced to the family, consisting of no end of females. I am almost afraid to say how many. I think there were two grandmothers, one mother-in-law, a wife, and I am sure at least several sisters and cousins, amounting to, I verily believe, ten. I was hungry; the ride upon the tattoo sent for me having given me a great appetite.

After the introduction, my host asked me if I would join them in family prayers. Of course I was only too happy, and we accord-

ingly formed square round a large table, and commenced operations. A Bible being placed before me, a chapter in "Isaiah" was announced, and one of the old ladies commenced by reading a verse, the next in command followed, until my turn came, but not being well versed in Biblical navigation, I could not find the place; it was, however, found for me by one of the supernumaries, and I got through my part. For fully an hour were we thus occupied; until I think "Isaiah" was finished, and hopes of breakfast filled my mind; but no, we were all desired to kneel down and join in a prayer, which lasted for nearly another hour. From having lately been on board ship I had grown very stout, and consequently kneeling down at all was a great effort for me. I should think I was as near an apoplectic fit as any man in the world ever was, and if I had died my host ought to have been tried for manslaughter. At length the tedious service came to an end, but for the life of me I could not eat a bit of breakfast.

After that meal was finished I was taken to see the stud, and notwithstanding the

prayers, &c., the tattoo was sold to me as dirt cheap for one hundred rupees, my host not disdaining to send his servant to the travellers' bungalow for the money, albeit it was Sunday.

I learned that this gentleman had been a first-rate actor and mimic in days gone by, and so excellent in the song of "Billy Barlow" as to acquire that nickname, when he was (as he said) a child of the devil. Finding a very religious patron, he turned over a new leaf, particularly as the patron had some good situations at his disposal, and now he was of the righteous—righteous. This did not, however, prevent him from taking three times the proper price for the pony, and trying hard to sell me for two hundred rupees another, which he sold to an old Indian a few days after for fifty. He regarded it, I suppose, as a spoiling of the Egyptian.

"Billy Barlow" called upon us afterwards at Belgaum, when I could not help asking him if he had any more tattoos to sell. His reply was "that he had a beauty, if I would go and see him," but as I offered him the one he had sold me for half his original

price, he dropped the subject. After he left, we found numerous tracts in every part of the bungalow: the "Dairyman's Daughter," "Hints to the Wicked," "Hell will be your Portion," and some such little reminders of our lost state.

"Oh, Billy Barlow—a broth of a boy was Billy Barlow."

Belgaum is a beautiful and healthy station, the climate not unlike that of Italy. Up to the time we were there no case of cholera had ever occurred in the cantonment, although there had been plenty within a few miles of it. A few days after our arrival, Laing and Barry, two of the officers, went out tiger shooting. Perfect novices in that dangerous sport, they had the temerity to meet a large tiger on foot and face him. Most luckily for them, both their shots took effect in the tiger's head, killing him at once. Had that not been the case, one or both must have been killed. How proud they were of their feat! The brute, measuring upwards of nine feet, was carried by bearers to all our bungalows, accompanied by the triumphant

victors. They, however, did not try the foot dodge again.

On my way up to Belgaum, at the top of the Ghauts I shot a very large monkey, an act which I never repeated. The poor creature looked so piteously at me, placing his hand over the wound, that I almost cried over the wicked deed I had committed. He died in a few minutes, moaning and crying like a human being. Since that time I have been surrounded by them in hundreds, but never again drew trigger on one; I would almost as soon think of shooting a far-away cousin.

Belgaum is redundant with snakes, and those of the very worst description. I will relate a most wonderful escape my wife and myself had upon one occasion. The cobra-capella is not generally more than three or four feet long, six feet is enormous, but the one I had to deal with must have been at least seven feet. My wife and myself were driving for change of air to a bungalow about twelve miles from the station. We were in a buggy, an open kind of dog-cart, so called in India. My soldier servant, James Now-

lan, was riding behind us on a horse of mine.

The snake must have been lying asleep in the road, and the wheel of the buggy must have gone over its tail, for it raised itself up completely over our heads, and for an instant its enormous hoops were unfolded, when, frightened by something, it luckily crossed the road, and went over a wall about four feet in height. While its head, and I may say shoulders, were over the wall, several feet of its tail remained on the dusty road. Nowlan and myself dismounted, and we measured, as nearly as we could, the trace of the serpent, and found it to be nearly, if not quite, seven feet in length. Had it not been surprised it would, in all probability, have darted into the buggy, and myself or wife would have fallen a victim to its fury.

I must tell of a wonderful recovery from the bite of a Cobra Manilla, a small green snake about six inches in length, due to the energetic steps taken by our Assistant-Surgeon, Laing, now Inspector-General of Hospitals. One evening in the monsoon I observed a fine stout Mussulman, servant of

Heatley, our paymaster, in my compound, with some creature in a bottle. On asking him what it was, and what he was doing there, he replied he was catching snakes for his master, and had observed from the road the little green snake sometimes called a carpet (*samp*, native for snake). This dangerous creature he had managed to get into a bottle, which he had corked, and the snake was a prisoner alive. About an hour afterwards I heard a great uproar in Heatley's bungalow, which was opposite to mine. On going over, I found that the Manilla had bitten the Mussulman. On his master coming home, the servant had brought him the snake to look at, and on taking the cork out of the bottle the creature naturally tried to escape, and the servant foolishly put his thumb on the top of it, and was at once bitten.

Laing, who luckily lived next bungalow, and was at home, arrived in two minutes, but already the man was insensible. The surgeon at once *hacked*, I may say, the thumb off, and poured some spirits of wine down the patient's throat. The man revived, and during the night one bottle of spirits of wine and

two bottles of brandy were given. I went to see him about eight o'clock next morning. The quantity of spirits given him did not seem to have taken much effect, further than causing a great drowsiness. He gradually got better, and after a few days recovered, but of course felt much pulled down. A great discussion now took place among the "cognoscenti," whether the reptile was a genuine Cobra Manilla or not, no one ever having been known to live after being bitten by one. The reptile was finally put into spirits, and sent to the Medical College at Madras for examination. The decision sent back was to the effect that it was a genuine Cobra Manilla, and they could only account for its not killing the man by the fact that it was a very young one, and the poison not, in consequence, so deadly as it otherwise would have been.

We lost a good number of men at this time, and nearly all those that died were men who had been previously attacked and had recovered from cholera at Bombay. It is certainly true that men who have once been attacked by that fell disease are for years

after more liable to every complaint than men who have never had it, the shock to the constitution being so great, in fact, that the attacked generally die from exhaustion.

CHAPTER VI.

PROCEED TO KURRACHEE—THE BEST SWIMMER IN THE WORLD—DEFENCE AGAINST SHARKS—KURRACHEE—SNAKES—FEARFUL MORTALITY IN THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS—FORT OF HYDRABAD—PLAGUE OF SCORPIONS—SNAKE IN A WALL—A DURBAR—BELOOCHES AND SCINDIANS—TERENCE MAHONEY—SAD FATE OF THREE BROTHERS—THEATRICALS—EXECUTION OF TWO SEPOYS.—A RUSSIAN SPY—POONAH.

WE remained at Belgaum for a twelvemonth, when we received orders to proceed to Kurrachee in Scinde, lately conquered by Sir Charles Napier; and about the last day of the year 1843 we marched for Vingorla to take shipping. That famous hit of the Roman Catholic priest conveying Sir Charles' despatches had not yet appeared—the wittiest and cleverest *bon mot* ever invented, "*Peccavi*, I have sinn'd (Scinde)."

At Vingorla we met our friend "Billy

Barlow," who had some nice turkeys to sell. I bought two dozen, and they all lived to reach Kurrachee, where they were of great value. In Vingorla you could purchase them for eight annas (one shilling), while in Kurrachee you could get ten rupees for them. One of our men was drowned here bathing. On the old Colonel expressing his intention to bathe, one of the officers advised him not to attempt it, as it required a very good swimmer to disport with safety in these waters, in consequence of the violence of the surf. "My dear Sir," was the reply, "you are not aware perhaps that you are speaking to the best swimmer in the world. If I was shipwrecked, my only fear would be that I should live in the water until I starved."

Charles O——, one of the coolest fellows in the world, and the most calculating, asked me to come and bathe with him. I suggested sharks. "Oh, I've remedied that," was the reply. "I've hired a band of coolies, and I shall form a square, and bathe in their centre."

About a year or two after, a stronghold of the enemy in Scinde was to be taken by

assault next morning, and volunteers from the European regiments were called for. Charlie was observed to be very diligent over his books the night before, the soldiers' ledger appearing a great attraction to him. On being asked what he was doing, he said, "I'm looking over the list of volunteers in my company. All those in credit may go, but devil a fellow in debt! I won't be done that way." He was not required, however, to run any risk, as the fort surrendered.

We embarked for Kurrachee, and, after three days' pleasant sailing, arrived off that now celebrated port, which the eagle eye of Sir Charles Napier had at once marked as the place that was to be in the future the great emporium of wealth and trade which in all probability it yet will be.

At the time I speak of, 1844, Kurrachee was only in its infancy. There were some bungalows built, and a tolerable bazaar. Though the sandstorms were terrific, the climate was not bad, and in Winter I have seen half an inch of ice in my water-jug. There was a small place on the seaside called Clifton, or Giserabunda, where a few

houses had been built, and it was a cool resort in the hot weather. The snakes at this place were really wonderful from their numbers and familiarity, running between your legs as you walked in the morning and evening. They were all considered harmless until one day a poor woman, the wife of a soldier of, I think, the 78th Highlanders, sitting on the grass, was bitten by one and died in two hours. People then began to be more careful, and the snakes were killed in great numbers. The 78th Highlanders were stationed with us at Kurrachee, and a magnificent corps they were; alas, in a few months they were a regiment only in name. Sent up to Sukkur, at the fall of the river Indus (by whose fault it is not for me to say), they lost in an unparalleled short time upwards of five hundred men, and I shall never forget the poor emaciated forms of men, who a short time before were gallant brawny Highlanders, supported and carried in doolies, as they were forwarded on to Bombay.

We were very lucky, on our arrival, to find the son of an old officer of the regiment, and a great friend of my father's, head of the

police. He most kindly gave my wife his bungalow during our stay. Teddy Marston was well-known, and at the battle of Meanee made a great name for himself for his gallantry. I believe he is still in India. His father, who was a major years ago in my old regiment, was considered at the time one of the handsomest men in the Army, standing six feet four in height.

After remaining two or three months in Kurrachee, we were ordered off to the Fort of Hydrabad, the residence of the principal Ameers of Scinde, and about seventy miles from Kurrachee. It was a seven days' march, and the heat was most oppressive. The fort is a tremendous height, but being built of mud and clay, of course it could be battered to pieces by any kind of artillery in a few hours. The heat of the place was absolutely stifling. My wife and myself managed to get two small rooms in a kind of house, and slept every night on the top of it on charpoys, (a kind of couch); otherwise we could not have breathed. At night the whole place was infested by scorpions of every size and description, running about the

floors in battalions. The poor nigger servants we brought with us, wearing no shoes, were stung almost every night until they were compelled to wear them. The pain was most agonising, evoking screams from the sufferers. A scorpion hunt was our daily occupation. Several officers and their wives were stung, one lady, I was going to say, in her bustle, but the bustle was not on when she was assaulted. Our Quartermaster was stung in his thumb from a cuscus mat, and suffered very much. A few days afterwards, while his hand was in a sling, he went to show the place in the mat where the scorpion had been, when another seized him by the finger, and the howling and swearing were tremendous. It might well be called the Fort of Scorpions. Sometimes the amusement was varied by a visit from a cobra-capella, and Follett, the brigade-major, shot two nearly six feet in length, who had taken possession of his beer bottles, and planted themselves as sentries over them. Oh, the horror of that four months in Hydrabad!

There was in my little yard a large wall,

which had been a long time built, that prevented free access to the top of the house. I determined to pull it down, and sent for some native coolies to do the work, superintending the operation myself. From the centre of the wall, when pulled down, came out a small white snake about a foot in length, perfectly lively and frisky. I killed it, but how was I to account for its presence there? It must have been imbedded in the wall for I know not how many years. Let any naturalist answer the question. It was not a venomous reptile, but a simple house snake. We have all known of toads being buried in rocks, but I cannot recollect of any thing of the kind occurring to a snake, or any other creature. I believe there have been instances of lizards, but of that I am not sure.

During the whole time I was in Hydrabad, I had excellent health, but such was the extreme heat that in four months I fell off upwards of two stone in weight. I entered the fort twelve stone seven pounds; on leaving I was ten stone six.

And now it was announced that a great

Durbar was to be held at the Palace in the Fort by Sir Charles Napier. All the gallant Beloochee and Scindian chiefs that had so bravely resisted our arms and fought against us at Meanee and Dubba were to be marshalled in presence of their conqueror, he of the eagle eye, and certainly he was a glorious old man, true type of the British warrior, and, notwithstanding his years, bearing himself with the life and spirits of a boy.

It was a frightfully hot day, May 25th, when the Durbar took place, on which occasion I was in command of the guard of honour. Troops upon troops of Beloochees and Scindians began to arrive. If I expected to see warriors, of the magnificent description given in old Eastern times of the soldiers of the Sultan Saladin, I was most woefully disappointed. Very few of the arrivals came on horses, nearly all on tattoos, or little country ponies, giving almost an air of ridicule to the whole affair. Some came on camels, some on foot, and a more dirty, seedy assemblage I never looked at. There were a few good-looking

Beloochees with black hair and black beards, but really, looking at the physique of the men, I think an Irish regiment with sticks would have licked them all.

On the 24th, 25th, and 26th of May, we buried sixteen men, who had died of sunstroke or heat apoplexy. Among the rest was my old servant Denis Neil, who had been with me in Aberdeen, and poor Terence Mahoney.

I must tell the story of Mahoney. When stationed in Lancashire some years before, a match was made for a large sum of money at fives, between myself and the marker of a ball alley in Belfast, who was brought over to England to play me by the gentleman who backed him. I had been on the sick list for some time from an accident occasioned by leaping down a saw-pit, and was advised not to play; but never having been beaten, I foolishly persisted, and after a very severe tussle I was beaten by Mahoney. Some of the soldiers were so angry that the poor fellow would have fared badly had I not interfered. A few days afterwards he came to me and said he would never

leave me, enlisted in the regiment, and died on that unfortunate Durbar day.

Just before our embarkation for India, three brothers, named Booth, from the County Wicklow, respectable Protestant farmers, enlisted in the regiment. The eldest, who was about twenty-two, stood six feet five, the next brother, one of the handsomest lads I ever saw, measured six feet three, and the youngest, six feet. Their career was indeed short and melancholy. The second brother died of sunstroke during the Durbar, the other two perished in the frightful cholera attack in Kurrachee in 1846.

A drunken soldier here had a fortunate escape from an accident which cost a sober one his life. A man named Ryan, of ours, when perfectly sober fell from the walls of the fort and was dashed to pieces; while an artilleryman of the Company's service, who, when he was as drunk as he could well be, followed Ryan's example, strange to say was scarcely injured in the slightest degree. Drunk or sober it is far from pleasant to fall nearly eighty feet. When one thinks of it,

one is reminded of the story of the old Scotchwoman, who, in falling from the top of one of the tremendously high houses in Edinburgh, was heard in passing the fifth story to say, "Guid God, what a fa'. I shall get!"

We lost here of fever poor Halliday, captain of grenadiers. A fine handsome fellow, he was engaged to be married to a young lady in Ireland, and although nearly thirty years has elapsed, she still wears mourning for him, and grieves for her soldier lover. "True woman, fond woman is ever the same." We were now ordered back to Kurrachee, and nothing loath were we to leave the infernal hole we had been in for months. I bought a good bungalow that had been newly built at Kurrachee. The relief after Hydrabad was something wonderful. Theatricals were now the order of the day, and we built a very good theatre, which we opened with "Rob Roy," and "High Life Below Stairs." I played Rob Roy, and Lovel in the Farce. We had some excellent actors. Cowper and Beresford were first rate, the latter one of the best women I

ever saw. No one would believe, when he first appeared on the stage as a woman, that he was a man. Maughan and Lush, of the Company's service, were also excellent Thespians. The "Honeymoon" was very well got up. Maughan, the Duke; Rolando, self; Jaques, Cowper; and Juliana, Beresford. Sir Charles Napier attended all our performances, and appeared to be delighted with them.

I had written a song a short time before in Aberdeen, which I had given to a travelling singer, a Mr. Franks. Edwards, of ours, set it to music and sang it at the theatre.

THE BOLD BUCCANEER.

Oh, a pirate's life is the life for me
O'er the waves, as we gallantly steer,
And the flag we unfurl, the world to defy,
Is the flag of the bold Buccaneer.
Then hurra for the bold Buccaneer!

We rush on our prey with the tiger's spring,
And blight in their proud career
The mariner gay and the merchant of gold,
Both prize to the bold Buccaneer.
Then hurra for the bold Buccaneer!

On Eustacea's wild shore, and Saba's rough mount,*
We danced with our maidens dear,
For beauty bright, with their eyes of light,
Grace the hold of the bold Buccaneer.
Then hurra for the bold Buccaneer!

And thus our life we merrily pass,
And our death we meet without fear,
Mid the billows' roar and the battle's strife
Is the end for the bold Buccaneer.
Then hurra for the bold Buccaneer!

My reason for inserting the above verses is curious enough. Years had passed away, and the verses had long gone out of my mind, when entering a Music Hall in London in the year 1865, I heard the old words again sung by one of the professionals. I obtained the song, which I believe had been set to music years ago by Franks.

About this time a regular feud existed between the 8th and 25th regiments of Bombay Native Infantry, and a desperate fight taking place, we were ordered out to quell it. An unfortunate Sepoy of the 8th was killed, two of the 25th were taken up, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. I have often thought it was a

* Two strongholds of Buccaneers in the West Indies.

cruel and uncalled for sentence. One awfully cold morning, so cold that the men could hardly hold their muskets, the whole garrison of Kurrachee were ordered to witness the execution of the two Sepoys, who were very fine-looking men. One was quite insensible from bang, or some drug given him, and lay like a log in the cart that conveyed him to execution; the other stood up motioning with his hands, and expressing his innocence in every way. When they arrived at the gallows, one was lifted out, and the rope put around his neck by a native. The other, fearing to be hanged by a low-caste man, begged the provost-sergeant, an artilleryman, to save him from contamination, and put the rope round his neck. This the European did, and the moment he had done so, the Sepoy threw himself off the scaffold with a terrific leap into the air. Both seemed to die without suffering.

The 13th regiment embarking for England, volunteering took place, and four hundred men sent in their names for regiments stationed at Bengal, which seemed

the favourite presidency with the soldiers. We received only three or four men, as it appeared they did not admire the system of classes adopted by our colonel, which was afterwards done away with by order of the Duke of Wellington.

I was ordered to march through Upper Scinde in command, and a splendid body of men were these Jellalabad heroes, and so well-behaved that during the time I was with them I had little or no trouble. They were nearly all Irishmen, and I gained their hearts the second day by a decision particularly Hibernian. Two men were brought before me for fighting in their tents, and constantly quarrelling. Seeing they were in appearance an excellent match, I said to one of them, "Do you think you are as good a man as he is?"

"Faith, I do," was the reply.

"And what is your opinion?" I said to the other.

"Begor, I'd fight him any day."

Turning to the provost-sergeant, I told him to take them to the outskirts of the camp and let them have it out. They went

on their way rejoicing, pounded one another well, and I never had another quarrel brought before me during the march.

My wife's health at this time was so delicate that great fears were entertained for her life. When I had been on the march some five weeks, I received very bad accounts about her. I consulted Laing, our Medico, who had attended her in her recent confinement, and his advice was to apply for leave to return, or I might never see her alive. This I did, and gave over the command to poor Barry, who died soon after in Bombay of fever. Riding day and night, I reached Kurrachee, and found her better; but she had been ordered immediately to England. I accordingly obtained leave, went to Bombay, and sent her and the infant home Overland, and she never returned to India. Total want of sleep was the sole disease, and but for her wonderful constitution she could never have gone through what she did.

After my return to Kurrachee the Sikh war broke out, and we were all delighted when orders were received, directing us to march on Moultan. An account of the

march will be found in my relation of the dreadful attack of cholera from which we suffered on our return to Kurrachee after the termination of the war.

After having somewhat recovered from the effects of the disease, the regiment was ordered to Poona, and I applied and obtained, in April, 1847, two years' leave of absence, in order to proceed to England, to which I went Overland. One of the most entertaining companions on board was a small energetic looking man, a merchant, he said, from Calcutta, and by birth a Swede. He spoke English perfectly, and was very amusing. He was also in the same caravan with me crossing the desert, when we broke down and had to walk to the next station. In April, 1854, I left Bombay on leave to England, and *en route* remained at Aden to catch the Calcutta steamer to Suez. Everything was in great commotion, for rumours of war with Russia were on every person's tongue. When I went on board with my baggage, I was accordingly surrounded by numbers to hear the news. Among these I at once recognised my Swedish friend of

1847. This time he was a most national Russian, asserted that Russia never would go to war with England, and derided the very idea of it. I said to him, "What countryman are you?"

"Russian," he replied, "true Russian."

"Did you cross the desert from Suez to Cairo in 1847?"

"I did," he said.

"Well, so did I, and I will take my oath at that time you were a true Swede, and you often told me so." There was a general burst of laughter, and he looked at me, but made no reply, and walked away. I have not the slightest doubt he was a Russian spy, and he had that character in Calcutta, as I was informed by those on board.

After going home I was ordered to join the depôt at Chatham, where I remained until 1850, when I sailed for Bombay in command of four hundred troops, and after being nearly six months at sea, and half starved, we at length sighted Colaba lighthouse.

I think it was in 1848, or 1849, that

there was no little excitement in England respecting the astounding prophecies of a Scotch clergyman—Dr. Fleming. In his book published, I think, in 1701, he distinctly announces the French revolution, the decapitation of Louis XVI., &c. He also foretold the downfall of the Pope, which, he said, would take place in the year 1848 or 1849, I don't exactly recollect which; and when the Pope fled from Rome in one of those years, or it may be 1847, the excitement became intense. An original copy of Fleming on the Prophecies was of almost any value. I recollected perfectly, when a boy in Scotland, seeing among my grandfather's books an original copy of this work. Dining with, or rather in company of a young clergyman named Moore, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the 17th Regiment, I mentioned this circumstance. Moore then said, "If you will procure me that copy within a week, I will pay you one thousand pounds." Home I went, anticipating that the money would soon be in my pocket. I sat down and wrote at once to the aunt I have already mentioned, and requested her

to send me the book. Alas! alas! I received an answer in three days, saying, "She would have sent it with pleasure, but that two 'free kirk ministers had called upon her and asked for it, and she had given it to them." Now, I ask, can I have the common feelings of humanity towards that said kirk, when I was so despoiled by her ministers? What became of the book I know not, but I don't think "my auld auntie" was much the better of it. After a time the excitement calmed down, and I don't think the name of "Fleming" is ever mentioned now, though no end of printed editions were taken from the original.

I think the English people can be gulled into believing anything. I can remember when half of Kent believed in "Thom," or Courtnay, when he came forward as our Saviour, and shot my poor friend Bennett, of the 45th Regiment.

In 1851, the regiment was stationed in Poona, a town of which there is no use in giving a description, as it is so well known. In the monsoon the climate is beautiful, and races, cricket, theatricals, are the order of

the day. I was again made manager of the theatricals. A very fine building we had as a theatre, and everything was arranged for the performance. I had often played "Claude Melnotte," and we were to open in the "Lady of Lyons," and the farce of "Box and Cox." "Pauline" was to have been performed by a Mrs. Deacle, an excellent English actress, who had been performing for some years in Calcutta and other parts of India, and had been playing in Bombay with great success. She was married to a retired Company's officer named Andrews, a most perfect comic actor, *when sober*. I recollect playing with him once in "Box and Cox," when he was so drunk I had to "gag" through the whole piece.

Having an old playbill before me, I think, before describing the catastrophe, it might be interesting to some alive to again see their names in print.

STATION THEATRE, POONA.

The Right Honourable the Governor and Lady Falkland, having expressed their intention of attending the Theatre on Monday

night, the 14th of July, 1852, the Gentlemen Amateurs of the 86th Royal Regiment, have the honour to announce that on the day above mentioned they will perform the Play of the "Lady of Lyons," and the Farce of "Box and Cox."

LADY OF LYONS.

Beauséant	Mr. Nunn.
Colonel Damas . . .	Dr. Todd.
Glavis	Captain Andrews.
Monsieur Deschappelles.	Mr. Bentley.
Claude Melnotte . . .	Captain Stuart.
Gaspar	Mr. Lewis.
Landlord	Dr. Kellie.
First Officer	Mr. Spiers.
Second Officer . . .	Mr. Cochrane.
Third Officer	Mr. M'Kenzie.
Pauline	Mrs. Deacle.
Widow Melnotte . . .	Mrs. Sands.
Madame Deschapelles .	Mrs. Kennedy.
Janet	Mr. Jerome.

The celebrated Sword Dance, by Mr. Cochrane.

To conclude with

BOX AND COX.

James Cox . . . . . Captain Stuart.
John Box . . . . . Captain Andrews.
Mrs. Bouncer . . . . Mrs. Deacle.

Vivat Regina.

On Saturday night we had a capital dress rehearsal. Chairs had been sent by the numerous parties intending to be present. The theatre was expected to be crowded in every part; "and all went happy as a marriage bell." All the dresses were sent to the theatre, and we thought that all we had to do, was to try to please the public as much as we could in the parts assigned to us. I had been fast asleep on Sunday night, dreaming, perhaps, of the principal part I was to take, when a loud knock awoke me, and my European servant, rushing in, roared out, "Get up, master, for by the holy the theatre is burnt down, and all your clothes and boots are gone." Jumping up horrified, I dressed myself and ran out. By this time the burning building illuminated the whole cantonment; soldiers were hurrying and marching to the spot. Every effort was

made to subdue the fire, but it had got to such a head that it was impossible to stop it, and the theatre and every article in it was destroyed; we, the intending performers, suffering most. It was a most disastrous blow to us, for in India we have not so many entertainments that we could afford to lose one from which we anticipated so much pleasure both to ourselves and others. However there was no use in crying over spilt milk, and we resolved to build another theatre. Subscriptions for it poured in, and within three months we had erected a very nice house, and performed the "Plays" before mentioned, which we repeated on three occasions to crowded audiences, among the rest Lord and Lady Falkland.

We were joined in Poona by a most excellent actor, whose death I regretted to see lately in the papers—Captain Boye, of the Company's service. His "Monsieur Tonson" was a most brilliant piece of acting, he himself being almost a Frenchman. His "Sir Anthony Absolute," in the "Rivals," would have brought down the house in London. I see, also, by the playbill before

me, we performed "Lady of Lyons" three times; "Rivals," twice; "Rob Roy," three times; "Monsieur Tonson," "Blue Devils," "Happy Man," four times—I played "Paddy Murphy,"—"Robber's Wife," "The Duel," and several other amusing pieces.

Mrs. Deacle going to Bombay, Boye and myself went on a theatrical tour, and in the pretty little theatre of that place we acted the "Lady of Lyons," and the "Happy Man;" Boye playing "General Damas" most admirably, the character being so well suited to his portly appearance. We also performed several of our "Poona Plays," and "Charles the Twelfth," Boye being the King, while I essayed the onerous part of "Adam Brock."

While talking of theatricals, I may mention that, after performing "Rob Roy" in Aberdeen, Mr. Thomas Ryder, for whose benefit I acted, presented me with an original sword of the celebrated freebooter. It was made by a country smith, and was only of common iron. Ryder's father was the first representative of "Rob Roy" in Scotland, and in consequence of his splendid

acting of the part, this sword was presented to him by the "burgesses and magistrates of Perth." The sword, much to my regret, was stolen from me. My brother officer, Couper, who was such an excellent comic actor, married Miss Jane Mordaunt, a sister of Lady Boothby, and I have heard often performs in London; at least he used to do so some ten or twelve years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

CONDUCT OF THE REGIMENT—RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN AND SERF—MALTA—LILLIPUTIANS AND BROBDINGNAGIANS—ADEN—SIR WILLIAM COGHLAN—CAPTAIN THOMAS—THE SEA-SERPENT—THE INDIAN MUTINY—MHOW—RAPID MARCHES—ASSAULT OF FORT CHANDAREE—SINGLE COMBAT—EXPLOSION OF A MINE—AFFECTING DEATH OF A GRENADIER—JHANSI—HORRORS OF WAR—UNPLEASANT BEDFELLOW—HUNT OF A COBRA CAPELLA.

THE colonel of the regiment being very ill, and one of the field-officers sent home deranged, and the other on court-martial duty, I succeeded as a captain to command of the corps. The late lamented Lord Frederick FitzClarence now came out, and made a minute inspection of the regiment, having been directed by the Horse Guards to do so in consequence of the excellent behaviour of the men. The authorities could not believe that such an absence of crime could exist, unless their faults were screened.

His Lordship examined the defaulters' sheet for some hours, and when he had finished addressing me, said, "The punishments are much more severe than I ever gave as a colonel, and I can safely assure the Horse Guards that, instead of screening the men, the contrary has been the case." He also said, "If a man is drunk, but going quietly to his bed, what do you do with him?"

"Confine him, Sir," was my reply.

"I don't agree with you in that respect," he said. "When a man in my regiment was drunk, and was going to his bed quietly, he was allowed to do so."

"But suppose," I said, "half your regiment went to bed in that state, and a fire broke out, or an enemy came, where would you be with your soldiers, I may say useless, or, rather, worse than useless?"

"That certainly is another way of looking at it," his Lordship replied, "and as the system seems to have acted so well, I will not interfere with it; but I am still of my own opinion"—a memorable example of the truth contained in the lines,

"He who's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

My friend Colonel Best, of the 79th, or rather late of that regiment, was a major in my regiment when stationed in Dublin. He was in command of six companies at the Royal Barracks about two months. On one occasion he said to me, "Until I had been in the regiment some time, I fancied there must have been screening of some kind, from the excellent behaviour of the men. I am now thoroughly convinced to the contrary, since I have been in command; for days and days I have never had a prisoner, or been obliged to try a man by court-martial."

In 1854 I obtained leave of absence, and left for England. On calling to take farewell of Lord Frederick, he said, "You had better be off at once. War is expected with Russia, and if the next mail brings the news I must stop your leave." I was off that evening to Aden, my friend Commodore Frushard giving me a passage to that place, where my interview with the Swede or Russian ensued. On board the 'Calcutta' steamer to Suez was a young Russian noble-

man, who had one of his serfs with him as servant. He looked the personification of a young Englishman, and was a jolly fellow, drinking champagne by the bucket. I never saw a man drink so much without being affected by it, and his serf gave me the idea of a very ugly Connaught man. He left us at Alexandria, and we embarked on board the 'Himalaya' for Malta.

At Malta we were all turned out of the steamer, as she was wanted to take troops to Varna. I remained three days in the island, where there was a splendid garrison; but of all the regiments I saw for smartness, dress, &c., I certainly admired the 41st more than any other. I was rather amused one day by seeing half-a-dozen little French soldiers trying to lift a very large box, but they could not accomplish it. Four or five of the Grenadier Guards, on their way to the Crimea, were looking on, and one of them said, "I say, Jim, let's give the little devils a lift." Accordingly these sons of Anak went down and lifted the box in a moment. There was great shaking of hands and other courtesies between the sons of Lilliput and Brob-

dingnag. How very few of either were alive in a few months!

I went to England *viâ* France, and remained there until March, 1856, when I was ordered to join the left wing at Aden in the 'Arabian Gulf.' I arrived there in April, and proceeded at once to camp, where I found the regiment under the command of Colonel Lowth. Anything to equal the heat of Aden in April and May I never experienced, except at Hydrabad and Sukkur. It is a perfect volcano, without a blade of grass or a tree of any description. The heat is even more debilitating than it is on those Scindian hills. It is the only place I ever was stationed at where the doctors advised me to take a peg, or stiff glass of brandy-and-soda, in the morning before going on parade.

I lived in a bungalow on the top of a hill with my friend Kellie. The mess was only two hundred yards off, but we could scarcely at night manage to walk home, and when we did so we had to lie down, and be stripped and rubbed by our servants with towels, for we were perfectly helpless. However, for six months in the year the climate was good

enough, and allowed us to play cricket at the Turkish wall. We had also plenty of fishing; and the arrival of four mails in the month from England and Bombay kept us alive. Barracks are now built at Steamer Point, which must be most conducive to the health and comfort of the soldiers. Aden, however, is anything but an unhealthy quarter; I think we only lost two men in the twelve months I was there, and that was from sunstroke. We unfortunately lost two young officers, Gardner and Brown, who were drowned while bathing in Back Bay.

Almost overhanging the camp was the height of Marshag, where a sea-breeze was constantly blowing, and several bungalows had been built by the different regiments, so that many of us could enjoy a different atmosphere from that of the cantonment, and we used generally to take this enjoyment in turns. It was still dangerous to go beyond the Turkish wall any distance into the country, as the Arabs at Laheige, the principal Arab city, were no less hostile than they had been. Provisions, came in, however, on camels daily, and now I believe the Sultan of

Laheige is our firm ally. Some years before, Captain Milne was murdered, and McPherson, of the 78th, received five or six severe wounds while paying a visit to His Highness. McPherson fortunately recovered, and in 1858 I had the pleasure of seeing him at Gwalior, decorated with the Victoria Cross for his great gallantry during the Indian Mutiny. On another occasion a young officer of the 78th, named, I think, Weeks, riding quickly home from Steamer Point, was suddenly attacked by an Arab with his dagger, but being a very powerful young fellow, he succeeded in wresting the weapon from his assailant, whom he killed on the spot.

The Aden garrison at this time was under the command of Sir William Coghlan, who was universally liked for his gentlemanly, courteous manner, and for his hospitality. To him we are indebted for Perim, from the walls of which, but for his energy and ability, the French flag would now be flying. Nor can I forget the kindness I received from Captain Thomas, the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who had

resided at Aden for many years. His house was always open to me, and I spent a great part of my time with him at Steamer Point.

In 1842, while the 17th was stationed at Aden, Major Clark and Lieutenant Percival were out fishing one day when, within twenty or thirty yards of their boat, an enormous snake raised itself upwards of ten or twelve feet out of the water. There could be no mistake as to the fact that it was a veritable snake, and a full account of it was sent to the *Bombay Times*, in which it appeared.

Colonel McKinstrey, an old friend of mine, who lately retired from the 17th Regiment, called upon me recently, and reminded me that he was at Aden when this circumstance took place, and was firmly convinced that this was a genuine appearance of the celebrated sea-serpent. Captain Thomas told me that he knew many people who had seen that renowned reptile, which was no novelty in Aden.

I relate this story merely to pave the way for a similar appearance of the Hydra, which was seen by the late Major-General Lowth, Captain Lepper, of my regiment, and myself.

On the 15th of June, 1856, Lowth, Lepper, and myself were staying at Marshag, Lepper and I in one bungalow. It was a beautifully clear day, and about eleven o'clock Lowth came over and said, "I wish you would come with me and bring your spy-glass, for there is one of the most tremendous fish I ever saw, and I am certain it is a snake." We accordingly both went to the point indicated by Colonel Lowth, and there was certainly an immense commotion in the ocean. We were not more than three or four hundred yards from the sea, and could therefore take a very good view. After a short time, an enormous head and neck was raised out of the water, belonging to an animal which moved with a kind of spiral motion. The head was most decidedly the head of a huge snake, but there was nothing like a mane, which some have given to the sea-snake. It raised itself several times out of the water, and, as well as we could judge, the creature must have been from forty to fifty feet in length. We watched it for more than an hour, when it suddenly disappeared. We all were perfectly convinced that the brute we

had seen was a huge snake, and both I and Lepper wrote down the date of this remarkable appearance, but our account of it created in the place little or no surprise.

Some twenty-five years ago, when the captain and crew of the 'Dædalus' saw the snake, and reported having done so in an official letter to the Admiralty, a Scotch merchant-captain told me, and at my request wrote down his statement, "that he had never seen a sea-serpent, but that once, when becalmed off the Cape of Good Hope, an animal some thirty feet long, with the body of a snake, and the head of an alligator, swam several times round the ship. All the crew saw it, and the circumstance was put in the log; but when he arrived at home, he was afraid of publishing an account of it, as he thought he would be laughed at."

Within the last ten days, in the *Evening Standard*, a similar creature to that seen by the Scotch captain is said to have been observed by four gentlemen on the coast of California.

In March, 1857, I was ordered to Bombay to take command of the regiment, the two

Colonels being on staff employ. In May, the Mutiny broke out, when, the wing of the regiment at Aden being ordered to Bombay, the corps was scattered all through the Presidency. Two companies were sent to Surat, and four to Mhow, where the native troops had rebelled and murdered their officers. In fact, India was disturbed in every direction except Madras. The blowing away of a Sepoy of the 29th N.I., narrated in a subsequent page, seemed to have had a very salutary effect in Belgaum.

Colonel Lowth joined and took command of the head-quarters, and we remained at the station until December, 1857, when we were ordered to Bombay, *viâ* Vingorla, to join the Central India Force, under Sir Hugh Rose. When I left Bombay on my monsoon trip, I was obliged to send my two horses by land to Belgaum, *viâ* Poona. Some short time after my arrival at Belgaum, my Shornawalla arrived, bringing the tail of one of the nags, as a proof of his death. The other poor beast was in such a condition that it died shortly after. Having only allowance for one horse, I could apply for compensation

only for one, but Government, after some hesitation, allowed me three hundred rupees, for what, including the deceased quadruped, had cost me twelve hundred. I also applied for and obtained a committee upon all the soldiers' kits, that during a monsoon march had been washed into a pulp, and recovered compensation; but I did myself little good by taking the steps I did, for Government was anything but pleased in having to stump up for officers and men.

We arrived in Bombay early in January, 1858, and were at once dispatched towards Mhow, by relays of bullock hackeries. Some twenty miles from Bombay, we went by railway, travelling night and day, and after a pleasant enough trip we reached Mhow. What a scene of desolation was that formerly magnificent cantonment; nearly all the large bungalows were in ruins, burnt by the rebel Sepoys.

The four companies of the regiment had gone on with Sir Charles Stuart's division, and had sat down before the very strong hill fort of Chandaree, but no assault was to be made upon it until we arrived. It was

not until, I think, the 10th of March, 1858, that we left Mhow under command of Colonel Lowth. As well as I can recollect, Chandaree was only five or six marches from Mhow; but we were expected to arrive on the fifteenth, to enable the storming to take place on the seventeenth—St. Patrick's Day—this being, I suppose, considered a good omen, as the regiment was to a man composed almost entirely of Irishmen. In one day and night we marched nearly forty miles, which, considering the country, was a tremendous undertaking, and scarcely a man fell out.

We were having a halt for about an hour to allow the men a short sleep, and to give us time to find our way out of a town or village we had got into, but out of which we could not find our way, for it was so dark that we could not see our hands before us, and the guides had bolted. The order was therefore given to lie down until daybreak, which would soon appear. I remember one man on this occasion saying

"A purty state we would be in now, av the enemy were to come and attack us."

"I wish to J—s he would," some one an-

swered, "and then we could bate him back, and he'd show us the way out."

When daylight appeared, we managed to get out of the place and continue our route. As we marched, we distinctly heard the report of the guns attacking Chandaree. The sound had a most magical effect upon our men; some, who were almost beaten down with this terrific march, seeming to derive new life and energy from it; and as the artillery reverberated through the morning air, I think the last seven miles of our march were the quickest on record. I know my horse was obliged to break into a regular amble to keep up with the light-hearted soldiers. When we arrived at the encampment, the whole force turned out to meet us, and the cheering that greeted us was immense.

What a comfort it was to be able to lie down and enjoy a sweet sleep, after a march never surpassed in India! We were allowed the next day for rest, and on the morning of the 17th March (St. Patrick's Day), we were to storm the hill fort. An artillery officer had been killed two days before, having had his head taken off by a round shot.

The force engaged were the 86th Regiment and 25th Bombay Native Infantry. About four o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 17th, after being paraded, we were all led on to the assault of this tremendous fort. Garrisoned by European soldiers, it might have been almost rendered impregnable; but our enemies on this occasion were men of a very different stamp. In fact, I do not believe the natives of India will fight, unless they are hemmed in so that they cannot get away, and then they will fight like demons, and sell their lives most dearly. We led the assault. Daylight not having appeared, it was perfect guesswork in the dark, and we seemed to be climbing a steep precipice, stumbling and tumbling at every step over the broken ground. Meanwhile the enemy were plying us with round shot, but such bad gunners were they, that the cannon balls flew over our heads. Pressing on with loud cheers, we at length reached the top of this formidable fortress, where some casualties took place. Daylight was just appearing in the East, when I passed Major Keating, the Civil Commissioner, lying very severely

wounded, but still managing to cheer us on. Close to him lay poor Tom McGowan, one of our finest Grenadiers, who, as we hurried past, could only say, "Oh, boys! oh, boys!" and died a few minutes after. Meantime Lewis, of ours, as gallant a fellow as ever lived, had escaladed, I may call it, another part of the fort, and while engaged in single combat with a rebel, was getting the worst of it, as they were both on the ground, when his life was saved by Private Roger Matthews, who bayonetted the native, while Lewis and he were still in close grips. Strange to say, his single combat in all probability saved his life, for his men, pressing on before him, were all blown up by the explosion of a mine sprung by the defenders, several being killed, others wounded, and all burnt to the colour of negroes. I shall never forget the hideous sight they appeared, and, alas! all died. One poor fellow, an Englishman named Sykes, a very old soldier, before he died asked for his pipe, which was put into his mouth, and he seemed to derive the greatest comfort from gently puffing it with his lips, though a few minutes after he died.

It is curious, but I have more than once seen mortally wounded soldiers ask for their pipes in preference to anything else.

Meantime the rebels, beaten out of the fort, made their escape down the other side of Chandaree, and we could only give them a few shot as they descended. How or why the Dragoons had not been sent round to cut them off I can't say. The only loss suffered on our part was by the 86th Regiment. Captain Keating was severely wounded, and received the Victoria Cross for his valour.

Chandaree having been taken, we proceeded on our march to join Sir Hugh Rose's force, then commencing the siege of Jhansi. In a few marches we reached the head-quarters of the "Central India Force," and were encamped within a mile and a half of the city. So much has already been said of Jhansi, that it would be useless going over the same ground again in describing it. It looked, however, a very ugly customer to take, being some miles in circumference, with a tremendous fort situated in the centre of the town. The principal object to us who formed the left attack was a large white

tower, the guns upon which kept us ever alive, not only from their incessant reports, but also from the extraordinary accuracy of the aim. I recollect upon one occasion, while in command of this attack, that during the night the elephants were employed in bringing up a gun to strengthen our position, I was directed to order the artillery officer in command to have the gun removed before daylight. This the officer forgot to do, and, in consequence, when Sir Hugh Rose visited the left attack in the morning, the gun was still there, and he ordered it to be removed by some native artillerymen of the Hydrabad contingent. It was said the rebel gunner of the white tower was a most excellent marksman, and he certainly proved himself so by sending a round shot almost into the mouth of the gun about to be removed, killing two native officers, or sergeants, and wounding another. It was certainly a terrible sight to look at, one havildar being completely disembowelled; but he died like a gallant soldier, praying for his masters, "John Company." One private was, however, so terrified that he plunged his head and

shoulders into a hole in the rock, and continued to kick out his legs like a horse, until pulled out of the recess by some of his fellow soldiers. Sir Hugh Rose was very much annoyed, and no wonder, for if his orders had been obeyed, no lives would have been lost.

One night, a bright moonlight one, when McKenzie and myself had lain down to try to get a little sleep, our mattresses being close together, we perceived, to our horror, an enormous cobra-capella glide out from under my pillow. We were on our legs in a second, and pursued the beast with our swords. It being very bright moonlight, we could easily see him trying to make his escape, while others, aroused by the tumult we made, joined in the hunt, and the cobra was killed by a European sapper, who made the following quaint remark: "This is the rummiest country I hever were in. You lies down to sleep, and a d—d big snake comes hout of your bed, and if ye sits down on the grass, it pricks ye," facts which it is certainly impossible to dispute.

I was witness to an act of great coolness

on the part of a young artilleryman. Some of our own shells were in the habit of bursting backwards, and being more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy. The soldier was sitting about ten yards from me on a bank, when a shell burst and a large piece of iron, whizzing with the speed of a velocipede, buried itself in the earth not three inches from his head. The man never stirred or moved, but sat like a statue. I went up to him and said, "What's your name?"

"Jock Maclaren," was the reply in the broadest Scotch.

"You've had a narrow escape," I said.

As if he had never seen the iron bolt, he stooped, picked it up and answered,

"Ay, it was gey an' near."

I gave him a rupee, which he pocketed in the coolest manner imaginable, not even taking the trouble to thank me. Of such stuff are English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers composed.

On the 1st April, I had again command of the Left attack, when the battle of Betwa was fought. Although we prevented the enemy from sallying forth to join Tantia

Topee's army in that engagement, we were not considered as having any right to the honours of the day. So small was the force entrusted to me that I had a most anxious time of it. If the enemy had only known the paltry strength by which, on the left attack, they were hemmed into Jhansi, I am sure they would have made a successful sortie, and in all probability I should not have been alive to tell this tale. I am perfectly sure, also, that all my military readers will agree with me when I assert that the siege of Jhansi and battle of the Betwa formed one combined movement.

Having volunteered to lead the storming party in the attack on the city, I was sent for by Colonel Lowth, about nine o'clock, p.m., on the night of the 2nd April, 1858, and told I might either command the escalade attack, on the left, or the breach. I chose the former, as I considered it to be under my sole command, and, therefore, more likely, if I deserved it, to bring me into some notice.

Having written a letter home in case of accident, I was told I might have my old

light company, if I wished, to lead the assault, and very delighted I was at having the choice; not that they were braver or better than the others, but because they had been associated with me from my earliest years. I thought if I was to die, I should like to do so at their head.

About half-an-hour before daybreak we moved on in silence to the attack of this very strong town and fortress. I had one hundred men of the 86th, and the same number of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, for the assault, with an equal number of the same corps as a reserve. We remained under cover close to the batteries of the left attack, eagerly waiting like true hounds to be slipped at our prey, and thought that the cannon-shot—the signal for us to move on—would never be heard. In fact, there was some gross mismanagement somewhere, for it was not until daybreak had appeared that the roar of the dilatory cannon was heard, directing our advance. Away we then went at a rattling pace across the four hundred yards of ground that intervened between us

and the twenty-seven feet walls we were to escalade.

A few skirmishers, under Fowler, in advance, were to take the fire, if possible, from the gallant sappers under that brave young fellow, Webber, who at a running pace followed, carrying the ladders. When about one hundred yards from the walls, I thought I might indulge my men with an Irish yell, and certainly they gave it with a right good will. Several had fallen by the time we reached the walls, and there was great opposition, every instrument of warfare being hurled at us in all directions. I was directing a corporal of sappers in placing a ladder, when with a laugh he said, "By Gad, Sir, I'm shot!" and down he fell with a bullet in his thigh. Five of these gallant fellows were now down, while officers and men were thronging up the ladders. Here the brave young Dartnell was severely wounded in several places by tulwar cuts. He was the first man up the walls, and following him was the gallant Webber, whose merits, I regret to say, have never been recognized as they ought to have been. I

take occasion here to mention this; but, as will be seen by my dispatch, a copy of which for several good reasons I append to this work, he will see it was not my fault that the second man up the walls of Jhansi has not been rewarded according to his deserts.*

At length, having escaladed the walls, we proceeded with little or no opposition until we arrived in front of the fort, where we joined Captain Darby's party, who had entered by the breach. Several casualties had now occurred; Darby, Holroyd, and Sevell had all been severely wounded, and many men were killed and wounded. We had now got into a narrow street, the houses in which in some measure sheltered us from the terrible fire of the fort. Poor Stack, our doctor, was engaged in putting a man into a dooley, when I said, "For God's sake, take care; the fire is terrific!" "Never fear," he replied; the next moment he was a dead man, shot through the heart. He never spoke; he was a fine fellow, and died in doing an act of mercy to a poor wounded soldier.

One of the fine old light company soldiers, an Englishman named White, was shot dead

* See Appendix.

beside me. He gave a frightful scream, threw up his arms, and all was over. We had lost a great number of men at this time, one of them, named McCann, of the band, a splendid youngster, six feet high, the son of the old soldier who in this work is mentioned as having turned out so respectable a character, with his gold chain, &c., at Perth, in Australia—he was shot through the stomach and died in a few minutes.

I was now witness to an act of gallantry on the part of an Irish soldier that will do honour to his name for ever. As I have said, the fire from the fort was terrific, and you could hardly show yourself in the street without being almost to a certainty shot down. A poor little native boy, about five or six years old, came out of a house into the street; he was immediately knocked over by a shot from the fort, severely wounded through the shoulder. On seeing this, Kavanagh, a private soldier of the 86th, rushed with a cry into the middle of the street, and taking the poor wounded child in his arms as tenderly as a mother would have taken her infant, he carried the boy out of

the fire, and as he was doing so a gingal ball struck the wall within two inches of his head.

That child was kept and nursed by the gallant Irishman all through the campaign. Every morning he was carried by him to the doctor's, to have his wound dressed; and when he recovered, which he did in a short time, he was dressed in a little European suit of clothes, and became the pet of the company to which Kavanagh belonged, and would hardly ever leave his dada, as he called him. At the end of the Mutiny his preserver brought him down to Bombay, and when he embarked for England with the regiment, the little "child of Jhansi" was given over to the Roman Catholic Asylum in Bombay.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIGHT AT THE STABLES—SIR HUGH ROSE—FOOLISH ACT—SLAUGHTER OF PRISONERS—GALLANT SOLDIERS—A HARD CASE—RUSE OF IRISH SOLDIERS—A PUPIL OF HOUDIN'S—PRIZE-MONEY—GALLANT OFFICERS—UNRECOGNISED MERIT—NARROW ESCAPE—CAPTURE OF KOONCH—EFFECTS OF SUN-STROKE—BRIGADIER STUART.

WE were now obliged to fight our way to the Palace of Jhansi, which had already been taken by our men; but the stables were still in possession of the enemy's Suwars, and I was ordered by Colonel Lowth to take as many men as I could collect, and drive them out. Accordingly, with Lewis, Brockman, and about fifty men, I obeyed orders, and on entering the stable-yard, I met Captain Sandwith and some of the 3rd Europeans leaving it. Captain Sandwith, who had a slight cut on his

forehead, told me that they had cleared one or two of the stables at the entrance.

I proceeded to perform the same task with the remainder at the top of the yard, and may state that there were no officers or soldiers of the 3rd Europeans present, but there was a sergeant or conductor of the Commissariat, named Brown, a very gallant fellow. Finding that it was impossible to get the Suwars out of the stables without great loss, from the way in which they had entrenched themselves, and having had several men severely wounded, some even mortally, I ordered some hay to be brought and set fire to, to smoke out the Suwars. The hay was brought, and I set fire to it myself. While this was taking place, Sir Hugh Rose entered the yard, and coming up to me, said, "Is this the way you keep up your communications?" and then left me. Captain Rose was with him, and took a rifle from Private Gorman, with which he killed a Suwar who was fighting with Dwyer, my bugler. He then tried to enter one of the stables, when I placed myself before him, and would not allow him to do so, as it

would in all probability have cost him his life. It is important to observe what I have now stated, and I have many letters and documents to prove the truth of everything I assert. I do not hesitate to maintain "that I alone commanded the Europeans in the stable fight at Jhansi, albeit I was told I was never there, or at least until the fighting was over." I returned myself as having done so in my list of services, and no one has dared to impugn my statement, which is known to be true by every officer and soldier of the 86th Regiment then at Jhansi. If such had not been the case, I do not think the official letter sent by me, through Colonel Lowth, to Sir Hugh Rose, would have remained unnoticed or unanswered. I received a gross insult, and I replied to it accordingly, in terms such as it deserved; "but I was never called to account, or, what was worse, apologized to."

Having thus stated all that is necessary on this subject, I drop it, and resume my narrative.

After the standards, &c., had been col-

lected in the inner yard, and I had shot a mad horse by directions of Sir Hugh Rose, I was ordered, with Lewis, Brockman, and a hundred men to proceed through the town and clear it of the enemy. Arriving at a certain part of Jhansi, an officer, whom I knew, commanding a native contingent, and who was very excited at the time, came up and said,

"I have taken some thirty prisoners; but my men won't shoot them."

"Then I will shoot your men if they don't obey your orders," said I.

"For God's sake!" he replied, "take the prisoners; and I beg you will say nothing of what I have told you."

I replied,

"I shall not be doing my duty if I do not."

"For God's sake, let me ask you again not to do so!" he said.

Poor fellow, he was terribly agitated, and I acceded at length to his request, with the observation, "I hope you may never repent what you have asked me to do, and

I trust these very men may never shoot you."

Lewis was present when this took place and I used those words. I little thought that they would be soon fulfilled. This officer was shot dead in the mess-room by one of these very men not long after, and I heard that the Sepoy did it in revenge for the death of his brother, who had been shot among the rebels at Jhansi.

I was obliged to shoot the unfortunate prisoners handed over to me, and, although it went against my grain to kill unarmed men, I had no alternative. We were in the middle of an enemy's city, only half taken, I may say, for plenty of rebels were still concealed in the numerous houses. And besides, in all probability these very fellows had been concerned in the brutal murder of men, women, and children (seventy), who were tied to trees and hacked to death with tulwars. It was a fearfully savage war, and we had to fight to the last, for if taken prisoners the cruelest of deaths awaited us. The prisoners all died without asking for mercy. I suppose they

could see by the stern relentless look of the soldiers that entreaty would be useless.

In clearing a house Lewis was again wounded, and also Byrnes, a private, for whom I obtained the Victoria Cross, as also for Lieutenant Jerome, for most gallant conduct under a heavy fire, in carrying to a place of safety Lieutenant Sewell, desperately wounded. Byrnes died in Dublin a few months ago, leaving a large family, but having married after he left the service, his having the Victoria Cross could not gain an entrance for one of his sons into the Hibernian School in his native city. Surely this is a hard case. The Victoria Cross is only intended for those who, by acts of great gallantry, have deserved the decoration, and certainly when the recipient died it would not be too much to expect that the son of the soldier who had done his country good service should be privileged so far as to be allowed to enter a military school.

We entrenched ourselves in a house during the night. The sentries on several occasions apprehended many Sepoys endeavouring to escape in women's clothing. Very tall fel-

lows they were, regular Bengalees, all looking, in their female attire, like the Swiss giantess who was exhibited many years ago in London, and who turned out, I believe, to be a gigantic Life-Guardsman.

A liquor store had been found by some of the men, and I perceived that several had taken more brandy than was good for them. I therefore addressed them, and pointed out the danger that might accrue to us in the centre of an enemy's town, with many houses not yet cleared. Four bottles of brandy were given up to me, and I hid them under the native charpoy, on which Lewis and myself lay down. About the middle of the night, however, we were awakened by a loud cry, "The enemy are upon us!" Lewis and I rushed out, but the alarm turned out to be a false one. On our return we found the four bottles of brandy gone, and the alarm was no doubt a ruse to get them by those who had given them up, and who had repented of their ready obedience.

Many in the Bombay Presidency will recollect A——g, a very fine fellow, who is now, alas! no more. The first time I ever

met him was the day he dined at our mess at Poona in 1852 or 1853. After dinner, he was asked if he would join in a rubber of whist, to which he assented, and, on cutting for partners, he became mine, and was also the dealer. Strange to say, he turned up the ace of spades, and in his hand were the remaining twelve trumps. Rising with a laugh, he threw down the cards, and said, "I never play for money. I have been a pupil of Houdin's, the French wizard, for two years, and can do anything I like with cards." And certainly the tricks he showed us were very wonderful. He always carried a pack in his pocket, and when he met you would pull them out and say, "Pray take a card," and commence some astonishing trick. I had not seen A——g for several years, until I met him at Jhansi in the street, where we lost so many men, and where the firing was so fearful. Seeing me, he rushed up, shook hands, and, drawing out a pack of cards, said, "Pray take a card," as coolly as if it had been in a mess-room. He greatly distinguished himself during the siege, but from that hour I never saw him again.

On the evening of the 4th of April we marched out of Jhansi to our encamping grounds. There was no doubt plenty of loot taken by the men, but all that could be found by the authorities was put in charge of the prize agents, and, after eight years, paid to us. I received, as a field-officer, sixty-four pounds. I saw the father of the Ranee of Jhansi and his Prime Minister hanging from a tree outside the walls a few days after the taking of the city.

The bones of our murdered people having been collected, we buried them with funeral honours.

Street fighting and clearing houses continued for some days, and several officers were killed and wounded during these proceedings. My poor friend Lewis, ever foremost in the fray, was nearly cut in two in one of these encounters. So terrible a wound I never saw, his shoulder-blade being nearly cut off. Had justice been done this gallant fellow, he should have had the Victoria Cross twice over. As it was, although three times wounded, the last time almost to death, he was hardly mentioned, and all I could do,

when I succeeded to the command of the regiment in England, was to bring his case before Sir Charles Yorke, who most kindly obtained for him at once a brevet-majority. Another officer of the regiment, who distinguished himself on every occasion was Lieutenant Charles Kean, but no notice was taken of him, save in one instance, when I insisted on his name being brought forward, and I received a promise from the Horse Guards afterwards that he should, on obtaining his company, get his brevet-majority; but he left the service before that took place. I also obtained that rank for Captain Lepper. It may be some consolation to these officers to hear their old Colonel thus speak of them when so many years have passed away. Were the truth always told, things would assume a different aspect from that in which they sometimes appear.

The 71st Highlanders now joined the force, and we started once more on our way to Gwalior, where Scindia's troops had broken out. On the 7th of May we were in front of Koonch, where the heat was something frightful. I should say we were about two

miles from the city, and we were paraded backwards and forwards for some hours, for what purpose I could not see, for no enemy came near us. At length we were allowed to rest for a short time. About two o'clock p.m. Colonel Lowth rode up to me and said, "You are to take six companies of the regiment and storm Koonch."

"All right," was my reply.

Accordingly, mounting my horse, and having paraded the men, I moved on the town, and was halted by Colonel Wetherall, Chief of the Staff, about four hundred yards from it, a squadron of the 14th Hussars being on my left, the men in quarter distance columns. Here I had a very narrow escape. The enemy were pelting us with round shot, one of which struck within two feet of my horse. The animal staggered several yards, and then came down, I still sticking to the saddle. Wetherall rode up and said, "Stuart, I hope you are not killed."

My reply was, "I'll tell you directly."

Some of the men lifted both the horse and myself on our legs; neither of us was hurt, save a bruise or two.

By this time the round-shot fire began to slacken, and I moved on the town, receiving little or no resistance, entered it, and occupied it, planting the British flag. In the meantime Sir Hugh Rose rode in, when I asked him if the enemy had rifles, as many rifle balls were coming from the outside into the town. He said he thought some of the rebels had. It turned out, however, to be our friends of the 71st, who, not knowing we had entered the town, and seeing people moving in the fort, took us for the enemy, and saluted us with some rifle practice. However, no casualty took place, and I only lost one man entering Koonch. Four men died of sunstroke, but I believe we suffered in a much less degree than the 71st and Artillery. The 14th Dragoons also suffered severely.

The 14th Dragoons and Horse Artillery pursued the enemy, and inflicted some loss on them. Riding with Sir Hugh Rose, I was afraid he was in for a sunstroke, but making some of my men enter the houses, they found some water in chatties, which I

threw over him, clothes and all; a precaution which revived him.

After a few days' march we sat down before Calpe, and on the 22nd occurred the battle of Golowlee. On this day I was field-officer, commanding the pickets; a position which was no joke here, the country being on every side interspersed with large ravines, through which it was very difficult to get on horseback. About eight o'clock on the morning in question, large bodies of the enemy advanced from the Calpe road. I reported the circumstance, and begged the pickets might be at once reinforced. This was done, and I had a battery of artillery (Lightfoot), five companies of the 86th, and the 25th Native Infantry. Brigadier Stuart arrived soon after, and took the superintendence of the whole. Meantime the heat was something extraordinary; man after man was taken to the tents with sunstroke, and at one time there were at least twenty men of the 86th knocked down by the overpowering rays of an Indian sun. About twelve o'clock at noon I fell down with a slight attack myself, and was taken by some

of the band to the tents, where I was stripped, and water plentifully thrown over me. I recovered, and managed to get again to the front. I had previously thought that no sun could have any effect upon me, but found out my mistake.

Meantime the enemy continued to advance, and the men to be struck down by the fearful sun. The tents were filled with soldiers, 86th and Artillery, and even some of the 25th Native Infantry, and our force was frightfully weakened. In vain I tried to get some of the men out of the tents, but move they could not. At length our force was so weakened, and the white jackets of the Sepoys in the ravine were so near to us, that I thought all was over, when Brigadier Stuart came up to me, and, drawing his sword, planted himself close to the gun, and said, "Stuart, we have nothing to do but die like Scotchmen." If the Brigadier reads this he will remember these words.

But our rescue was at hand. Sir Hugh Rose had previously been with us, but had gone on towards the right, when, with a loud cheer, the Rifle Brigade and four com-

panies of the 80th dashed at the enemy. It was beautiful to witness the skirmishing of the Rifles through the ravines. The enemy gave way at once, and retreated towards Calpe. I remember no more, being again struck senseless by the sun, and carried to my tent in the camp. There was no doctor to attend upon me, all having gone to the front; and the hospital orderlies, thinking saltpetre would be the best thing for me, put me into a bed of it. How it did not kill me was the wonder of all the medicos. I suppose my powerful frame and sound constitution managed to bring me through, but next day I was one mass of large boils, which probably saved my life. In seven days I lost nearly three stone, and was obliged to remain on the sick list until we reached Gwalior, when I managed to mount my horse, and was present at the storming of Morar cantonment and the taking of Gwalior. I proceeded, in command of the 86th, with Sir Hugh Rose in pursuit of the enemy, and on my return to Morar had to go to sick quarters, where I remained for a month.

CHAPTER IX.

UNPLEASANT VOYAGE—A HALF CASTE GENTLEMAN—CABINET COUNCIL—DISARMING OF THE 27TH NATIVE INFANTRY—RECORD OF POTUGUESE RULE—OLD GOA CATHEDRALS AND MONASTERIES—EXECUTION OF A REBEL SEPOY—UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE—DESTINY.

I MUST now go back a little. About the latter end of August, 1857, the 27th Bombay Native Infantry mutinied at Kolapore, and barbarously murdered three of their European officers. I was at the time commanding the head-quarters of my regiment at that far from pleasant station Colaba, Bombay. I had only about three companies with me, the remainder of the corps having been sent out on different detachments, on account of the terrible mutiny, which was then at its height.

It was in the middle of the monsoon, and

on the 8th of August I received orders to proceed at once on board the 'Victoria' steamer, with every available man of the 86th, a detail of artillery, and two guns. We were to proceed to Kalboderi, near Rutnagherry, disembark there, and go on to Rutnagherry, where the other wing of the 27th Infantry was stationed, consult with Mr. Turquand, the head civilian and magistrate, disarm if necessary the said wing, and try to intercept the head-quarters, which had mutinied at Kolapore, and destroy them if they resisted. Having settled Rutnagherry, we were to proceed to Belgaum, *viâ* Old Goa, to be present at the blowing away from a gun of a Sepoy of the 29th Native Infantry, tried by court-martial and found guilty "of high treason."

I shall never forget that sea trip. The 'Victoria' was a very small-sized steamer, and when we were all on board, we were packed like a parcel of pigs in an Irish boat. It was impossible to go below, and on deck it rained as if the windows of heaven had been opened to pour down their waters upon us. I should think every man on board,

officers and soldiers, were sea-sick, in which pleasant condition we continued for two days, when, about twelve o'clock at night on the 11th of August, we anchored off Kalboderi, about five miles from Rutnagherry.

A half-caste gentleman came on board, and announced himself as Mr. Tommy Platt. The said Mr. Platt was the son of an old soldier of the 86th Regiment, and was born in India about the year 1805, when the corps was stationed in the Madras Presidency. He informed me that he had a fine government situation, and expected his two daughters every day from England, where they had been for their education. Mr. Platt was very dark indeed; in fact, I should almost have supposed that his papa must have been as black as his mamma. At this time all the white women and children had been sent to Bombay by steamer, for fear of the Sepoys following the example of their brethren at Kolapore.

I proceeded on shore at once, and, Mr. Platt having procured me palkee-bearers, I forthwith started for the station, to confer with Mr. Turquand, leaving instructions for

the whole force, artillery, &c., to follow me at day-break in the morning. On arrival at the station, I found the European officers all in one bungalow, which they had placed in a state of defence, and would, no doubt, have gallantly defended, had they been attacked.

I found Mr. Turquand a very quiet gentlemanly man, but timid in the exercise of authority, and very loath to act on his own responsibility. We agreed next day to have a Cabinet Council, consisting of himself, as chairman, and the senior officer of the 27th N.I., my major and myself. We accordingly assembled and consulted. The officer of the 27th, in reply to a question from me, whether he could answer for the loyalty of his men, said, "No." His senior native officer was called in, and questioned as to the loyalty of the men. His answer I well remember, "Yes, Sahib, they are all right now."

"That is," I said, "since I came here with the troops."

"Yes, Sahib."

I urgently requested Mr. Turquand to

allow me to disarm the 27th N. I., particularly after the opinion given by the Captain commanding the wing, and also the answers of the Subahdar, or senior native officer; but he would not do so, saying the responsibility was too great. I argued the question with him, but he seemed resolved not to do as I wished. At length I said, "Mr. Turquand, I will give you two hours to decide whether you will disarm or not. If you do not, I will start this evening for Old Goa *en route* for Belgaum, where my services are urgently required. You will have fifty men of the 2nd European Light Infantry, and should an outbreak take place, I warn you, the blood shed will be upon your head." He did not seem to like this, and I went away.

About an hour afterwards, I received a note from him, saying, "that, on consideration, he thought it would be advisable to disarm the Sepoys, and begged me to take steps to do so." I ordered a full parade of the whole force, consisting of the headquarters of the 86th Regiment, a detachment of the 2nd Bombay Light Infantry, a

wing of the 27th N. I., a detail of sailors, the Rutnagherry Police, and a small force of Artillery, with two guns, in the centre, facing the Sepoys. On the square being formed, I ordered the 27th to ground their arms, which they did with some little hesitation, and very black looks. Some of the old soldiers even fainted, and altogether it was not a pleasant sight. The muskets were, at once, taken away by the sailors. I afterwards heard that they had sent away their wives and children, which, if true, was a sure indication that something serious had been about to take place.

Leaving Rutnagherry early next morning in charge of the detachment of the 2nd Light Infantry, with the Artillery and guns, we proceeded to a rendezvous agreed upon, with the Quarter-master General of the Southern Mahratta Division, Captain Polloxfen. This place of meeting was about twenty miles below Old Goa. We had to remain there two or three days until boats could be provided for us to proceed up the river. There was a barrack here, built in old times by the Portuguese. The date on

the entrance was 1660. The rooms were perfectly good and looked new. If I recollect right, it was uninhabited at this time, and was only a record of the power of the Portuguese in the Indies at a former period.

The boats having arrived, we disembarked from the 'Victoria,' and proceeded up the river to Old Goa. The weather cleared up, and we had a most beautiful day. The scenery was lovely in the extreme, and flocks of birds passed us on every side. The river was nearly two miles in breadth, and the banks on each side, being studded with enormous trees, reminded me much of the Essequibo in South America. It was a pleasant voyage to both men and officers, and the great change from the fearful wet weather we had hitherto experienced was most agreeable to all.

After a few hours' delightful sail, we landed about dusk at Old Goa, and proceeded to a large monastery lent by the Portuguese authorities. All my men were located in this building, which was so large that it would have held one thousand soldiers. Old Goa was celebrated for the great size and

magnificence of its cathedrals and churches, and as we were not to embark until next day at noon, we had plenty of time to examine them. On going over them you could not but think of the change time had made in the once grand Portuguese nation, reduced as it is now to a small fourth-rate power, from the days when Portugal proudly called herself the mistress of the seas, when her victorious navies were the first in the world, and her flag floated on every breeze. In the splendid cathedrals and churches all this was brought to our mind, and I wondered whether the "flag that had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" would ever have the same melancholy destiny! It would require a much abler pen than mine to describe all we saw in Old Goa, but what appeared strange to me was the look, I may call it, of youth in these old places. The splendid aisles and rooms appeared as if they had only been built a year or two, instead of three hundred years ago. There was no smell of damp or decay about them, and they were all kept in excellent repair. Some of the monks, who spoke excellent English,

accompanied us, and were very civil and obliging in pointing out all that was curious and worth seeing.

We embarked again next day, and landed at a dirty village forty miles from Belgaum. The rain was again coming down in torrents, but having a good commissariat, I halted the men every hour, and ordered an extra allowance of arrack, which kept them in spirits, and counteracted the effects of the wet and cold. As we had no horses, officers trudged it on foot as well as the men. The third day we reached the top of the Ghauts, where a very fine young soldier named Young was taken ill of cholera, and died next morning, the only casualty we met with on the march. In three days more we marched into Belgaum, and at four o'clock the same evening were ordered to parade, to witness the sentence of a general court-martial carried into effect upon a private Sepoy of the 29th Bombay Native Infantry.

There were two Native regiments stationed at Belgaum, the 15th and 29th. I believe the latter was a little tainted. I never heard that the former was, but we were

living in times when no one could tell what a day would bring forth, and we had plenty of evidence that the corps most faithful yesterday would with pleasure cut our throats to-day. As I had only about one hundred men, I did not wait for orders, but before going on parade I quietly ordered them to load. As there were only detachments of the 2nd Europeans and Artillery besides my own men, I was determined I would not be caught napping in case any disturbance should take place at the execution.

It was indeed a fearful sight. The square was formed on three sides, the fourth being occupied by the Artillery with the field-piece, which was about to blow the poor wretch into eternity. I was directed to send an officer and twenty men to the gun, to parade close behind it. I must confess that I felt a shiver of horror when I beheld the doomed man approach, a splendid-looking fellow, the perfect cut of a Hindoo high-caste soldier. He stepped as firmly and resolutely as if on parade, not a shake or shiver of his limbs, not a trace of emotion on his countenance, denoting the slightest fear of the fright-

ful fate he was about to encounter. He did not appear to be more than twenty-five years of age. He placed himself composedly before the gun, to which he was then fastened. Although perfectly aware that every moment he might expect the word "fire" that would blow him into a thousand pieces, his face never altered, but a slight sneer might be traced upon his upper lip. It was a moment of horror to all, and when the word "fire" was given, it was almost a relief. We heard a dull "thud," a Scotch word more expressive than any English one I could give, and after a second or two the remains of the Hindoo soldier came falling to the ground like large hailstones, and particles of bone and muscle struck my officer and men who were stationed behind the gun. There was a dead silence for a minute, and the word from good kind old General Lyster came, and what a relief it was, "March home your regiments." Strange to say, although I have often seen young officers and soldiers faint during a corporal punishment, I did not see either European or Native fall out on this occasion. There seemed, however, to be an

awe over all. How this execution must have wrung the heart of the old General! He could scarcely speak to me when I went up to him. Alas! he died not very long after, lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, which I had for many years.

While my men were unloading their rifles, Colonel P——y rode up to me, and asked why I had had them loaded without orders. My reply was: "My dear fellow, I had not the slightest idea of being caught, and self-preservation is the first law of nature. Had a row taken place, I hardly think we should have had time to load on the ground. I should have been bayoneted before a trigger could be pulled." I need scarcely add that I heard no more about it.

An unfortunate occurrence took place when we were at Belgaum. My European servant, Daniel Mahon, having an altercation with another good soldier, named McCormick, struck him in the heat of the moment with a cricket bat on the head, and poor McCormick died a few days after. Mahon was taken to Bombay, given over to the civil power, tried for manslaughter, and imprisoned for six

months. I must follow Mahon to show how truly unfortunate some men are, as if they were destined to deprive some fellow-creature of life, without intending it. In the year 1864, when stationed at Kilkenny, Mahon and the adjutant's servant had a quarrel. Blows were exchanged, and the servant dropped down dead. Of course everyone said Mahon had killed him. It was proved, however, that he died of heart-complaint, the fatal termination of which was accelerated by the fight. Mahon was tried and acquitted, but applied for his discharge, and went with his wife to Australia.

Some months after we had joined the Central Indian Field Force, under Sir Hugh Rose, K.C.B., in the beginning of January, 1858, I could not help laughing when I saw in Government orders :—

"The thanks of Government has been given to Mr. Turquand, magistrate of Rutnagherry, for his energetic conduct in disarming the wing of the 27th Bombay N.I."

The mutinous wing of the 27th never approached Rutnagherry, but were surrounded, I think, at Sholapore, many of them having

been killed by Lieutenant Kerr and the Poona Horse. For his conduct in this affair, Kerr received most deservedly the Victoria Cross.

CHAPTER X.

CURIOUS SCENE AT POONA — JABEZ DOLLAR — THE POONA DERBY—IRISH CHARACTER—ANDREW MURPHY—COMICAL SCENE —FEARFUL OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA—GREAT HEAT OF THE WEATHER—FIRST APPEARANCE OF CHOLERA IN THE 86TH— THOMAS MACBRIDE—FEARFUL SANDSTORM—CURIOUS FACTS— CLIFTON—TERMINATION OF THE DISEASE—A SEEMINGLY DEAD MAN RESTORED TO LIFE.

SOME months before the Poona races of 1852, being in Bombay on leave, and looking out for a couple of good horses, one as a charger, the other for racing purposes, I purchased a very handsome Arab for the latter, and named him "Quis separabit." I also bought a very handsome chestnut, nearly fifteen hands, a large horse for an Arab.

Riding the chestnut one day through a part of Bombay much frequented by Arab horse-sellers from the Gulf, I was not a little

astonished to find myself and horse the object of much attention. The Arabs completely blocked up my way, talked loudly to one another, and became much excited. In fact, they could hardly be restrained from taking possession of the animal.

Seeing a respectable-looking Mahomedan, I asked him what was the meaning of their conduct. He replied that they were expressing their wonder and amazement at my having the horse, which belonged to a breed they never allowed to leave Arabia, and they could not understand how it had ever reached Bombay.

They asked, through my interpreter, to be allowed to embrace the nag, and, on my giving permission, such kissing and hugging took place that I was nearly pulled out of the saddle. After some time, however, I managed to proceed on my way to the esplanade, followed by my friends for some distance, kissing their hands and salaaming to the ground.

I thought nothing more about what had taken place, till, as the Poona races approached, I entered "Jabez Dollar," as I had

christened him, for the "Chargers' Stakes," and merely gave him some few additional gallops, in the way of preparation. As the time approached, all the horses in the race were scratched, except mine and one belonging to McP——, of the Highlanders, called "Hyena." This horse was supposed to be so superior in every way that it was thought the race would be merely a walk over for him, and hence the "funk" of the other owners of nags. I intended to follow their example, when McP—— came over to me, and said,

"Don't scratch your horse, or there will be no race, and I shall not get the money given. I will pay your entrance fee, so that you will lose nothing by it."

Willing to oblige him, I agreed; and when the day came, to the astonishment of all, "Jabez Dollar" literally walked away from "Hyena."

When I left India on leave, I sold Jabez to an officer of the 10th Hussars, and when the Crimean war broke out, and that regiment was ordered on service there, I was much pleased to see Jabez heralded as the winner of the "Crimean Derby," beating

thirty-three horses of different nations. This certainly proved that the Arabs were right in their statement relative to him, and that he must have been of a very superior class.

Meantime my other purchase, "Quis separabit," promised to turn out a wonderfully good bit of stuff in the racing line, and he was entered for the Poona Derby. There were several very good horses in the entries, but the favourite was one belonging to Mr. Eden Elliott, of the Bombay Civil Service, the great racing man of Western India.

My nag was trained by poor Billy R——e, of the 78th, and he was brought out in very good condition, but required more time to perfect him. He was ridden by a black jockey, of whom Billy expressed great fears, and in whom he had no confidence. Elliott's horse had an English one on his back, and, as Billy said, "Be the powers, he'll ride the head off the black."

Six or seven horses started, and it was an excellent race, "Quis separabit" losing only by a short neck, notwithstanding the bad riding of his jockey. However, blackie made an ob-

jection against the English jockey for crossing him, and the matter was laid before the stewards, to be by them decided.

Meantime, the excitement among the men of the regiment was so tremendous that only those who are familiar with an Irish corps can conceive it, and I was really afraid that, if the decision was given against me, something very unpleasant might take place. It was given against me, and there was a regular howl of disappointment from the numerous soldiers who were congregated around the stewards' tent.

Prominent among the mob, I observed a grenadier, upwards of six feet high, with red hair, long lanky cheeks, a large stick in his hand, and eyes full of fury, addressing every one near him.

"Do ye mane to say they have dared to give it agin the Captain? Do ye mane to say that? Where is the man that'll tell it to me? By the holy Moses, I'll shake the life out of him."

And seeing little Benson, the English jockey, close to the stewards' tent, he made a rush at him, and but for the interference of

myself and several of the Artillery, might have done him serious injury. As he was carried away his threats of vengeance completely frightened Eden Elliott, who came up to me and said,

"The excitement of your men is so great that I fear something serious may happen either to Benson or the horse if I meet yours on Wednesday, I'll therefore scratch him for the race."

The nags were to have met again.

"Indeed you will do nothing of the kind," I replied, "you may be sure I could not have anticipated a scene like this, and it is therefore my business to withdraw my horse," which I did. I afterwards went into partnership with Elliott, and "Quis" won several races in Bombay. I ultimately sold him for a good sum to the Indian Stud.

Andrew Murphy—for such was the grenadier's name—was then a young soldier. I don't think he saw any more of the Poona races in that year, his time being pleasantly employed for some days with his pack on his back, in consequence of his outbreak. Andrew was not a bad man by any means,

and was a quiet soldier unless he happened to be in drink, but to this day Andrew has never boasted a "good conduct stripe."

Last year he was serving in the Cape with the regiment, and must have had some twenty-five years service, when the incident I am now going to relate, and told to me by an eye-witness, occurred. The scene was a mess-room of the Royal Downs, Cape Town, and the time was 1872. There had been an inspection of the regiment, and the General (whose death I am sorry to say I have lately seen, having known him well), was dining at the mess with other guests. The wine had been placed upon the table, when peering over the screen was seen the long lanky visage and gaunt figure of Murphy. With three gigantic strides he was at the head of the table, and seizing T——'s, the president, hand in his iron grasp, shook it as if he would pull it from him, and vociferated, "Hell to yer sowls, byes, is it dhrinking ye are still?"

Poor Andrew, having left some of his comrades enjoying themselves in the public-houses in Cape Town, and being somewhat

in liquor, had wandered home, and seeing the lights in the mess-room, fancied he had got back to his comrades, and hence the absurd scene. The General nearly fell off his chair laughing, and poor Andrew was taken to the guard-house, but released in the morning by the General's request. Andrew has since been discharged, I much fear with only eightpence a day, and I fully expect the honour of a visit from him on his return to his native land.

Reading about the cholera that has lately occurred among Europeans in certain parts of India, I determined to look up some old papers in my possession relative to the revages of that disease at Kurrachee in Scinde, during the month of June 1846; and having been present at the time, circumstances attendant thereon may be of some little interest to people who have never heard of that fearful outbreak.

The 86th Regiment, which, as I have already stated, embarked for India in 1842, in consequence of the fatal Cabul affair, landed at Bombay during the latter months of that year. A few days after landing

cholera broke out at Colaba, and we buried about one hundred men. In January, 1844, we were ordered to Kurrachee in Scinde from Belgaum, in the Southern Mahratta country. The corps, composed almost entirely of Irishmen, in height and appearance might have competed with their gallant countrymen of the 87th, their average height exceeding five feet nine, and they were in Western India called the Irish Giants.

In the latter end of 1845 the Sikh war broke out, and the 86th were sent up the Indus to join a force assembling at Moultan to reinforce the army of the Punjaub. We marched out of Kurrachee, numbering upwards of one thousand bayonets—a body of soldiers of whom any country might have been proud; and after a weary march, principally through drifting sand, we arrived in about two months at Bawulpore, opposite Moultan, not a man having died since our departure from Kurrachee.

At Bawulpore, to our great disappointment, we heard of peace having been proclaimed, and that orders had been issued

for our return to Kurrachee, and we reached our destination in May, 1846. The garrison consisted of the 60th Rifles, 86th, 1st Bombay Fusiliers, several Native regiments, and a large force of European artillery.

The monsoon having set in, no shipping communication could take place with Bombay, and in consequence there was a great scarcity of provisions of the usual quality for so large a force, and the rations of the soldiers were of a very inferior description, with few or no vegetables. The heat was intense, and the effluvium from the tents of the 86th and Bombays, both of which were under canvas, was most offensive. However, there was no remedy for it, and those who have been under a Scinde sun in June can imagine the state of things.

The 86th, in consequence of their long march of nearly four months, were probably more predisposed to disease than the other two European regiments. About the 1st June the first case of cholera occurred in the 86th, when a Scotchman named Bradley died, as I well recollect on a Friday. On Saturday our sergeant-major, Thomas

McBride, a good religious soldier, was taken ill and died on the same day. He was universally respected, and had refused a commission more than once. The whole regiment, including officers, were to attend his funeral next day (Sunday) at four o'clock in the evening.

In the early part of that day I visited the hospital, and found that several men had been taken ill with cholera, but that no deaths had occurred, although many were as bad as they could well be, and died within an hour or two.

The regiment paraded at four o'clock for the funeral. It was a beautiful afternoon, with a clear blue sky, and not a cloud in the heavens. We had to march about six or seven hundred yards to the church-yard; and before we reached it, upwards of thirty men had fallen out with cholera, and, of the men who composed the firing party, five were dead that night. The body had scarcely been placed in the ground when, almost with the rapidity of a change of scene in a theatre, the hitherto glorious atmosphere was at once overspread with a black

lurid cloud. A frightful sand-storm followed; you could not see two yards before you, and the density of the air was such that it was painful to breathe. The soldiers were dismissed on the spot, and ordered to find their way themselves to the tents.

With some difficulty I found my way to a Parsee shop, to get some brandy-and-soda. The Parsee was frightened out of his life, and trembling all over.

"Ah, Sahib," said he, "something very bad take place; I never see this before."

By twelve o'clock that night we had over one hundred men dead in hospital, and so violent was this first outbreak of the disease, that every man who was attacked on Sunday died.

Before proceeding further, I must relate a curious circumstance that occurred, which, in my opinion, establishes beyond doubt the fact that the "cholera poison" is atmospheric. Every person who has served in India or Scinde, must be aware of the number of kites, vultures, and other birds of prey that congregate around the cantonments of a European regiment. For some days before

the first case of cholera broke out, *all* these birds disappeared; not one was to be seen; and they never returned until the plague was completely gone. Where they went to, nobody knew; but such was the case. Surely they must have been made conscious by the sense of smell, or by some instinct, that there was danger in remaining where they were.

It is also a curious fact that at Clifton, where many of our men were buried at the sea-side without coffins, merely wrapt up in their sheet or blanket (no wood being procurable at Kurrachee), the graves were never disturbed by the hyenas or jackals, which were very numerous.

That Sunday night, at twelve o'clock, orders were received from Sir Charles Napier, directing the regiment to proceed next morning to Clifton, about four miles from the station, and situated on the sea, with the hope that this change of locality might have some effect in stopping the disease, which was now making fearful ravages in our ranks. We left Kurrachee about six o'clock on Monday morning, and

on the march many of the men fell out with cholera. I was riding with one of the assistant-surgeons, when the colour-sergeant of my company, named Donellan, staggered out of the ranks, muttered a few incoherent words, and fell dead. It appeared strange to me at the time, but the other assistant-surgeon having come up, both agreed that, notwithstanding the sudden collapse, it was undoubtedly a case of cholera.

A similar case occurred in London during the last outbreak (vide *Times*), where a man, seized in the street with this alarming malady, dropped dead at once. He might, like Donellan, have had the disease in his system for some hours, and might have collapsed as suddenly. "Sinking cholera," it is called in India. An almost similar case happened in my presence a few hours afterwards.

When we arrived at Clifton, and the hospital tents were erected, the scene baffled description. Cries of agony resounded on every side, and you hardly met a soldier that was not more or less under the influence of the disease. On many of those seriously attacked, I noticed a large black spot across

the face, as if the Angel of Death had marked him for his own, and I cannot remember one of those so marked that recovered. Some poor fellows were absolutely as black as negroes.

After the first two or three days the plague became less virulent, but we were still losing many men. In one pit, by the seaside, I buried upwards of eighty. In about a week a terrible storm of rain took place; all our tents were nearly washed away; from that time the cholera subsided, and in a few days entirely ceased.

On one occasion, while sitting by the death-bed of a soldier in my company, with the doctor (Coghlan) attending him, the corporal of pioneers (Gates), one of the most powerful men in the regiment, came in. Coghlan said to him,

"Anything the matter, Gates?"

"I feel very weak, Sir," replied Gates.

Coghlan felt his pulse.

"Any vomiting or purging?" he asked.

"None whatever, Sir," replied Gates.

Coghlan pointed to a rug about six feet from me, and told him to lie down until

he returned, at the same time going out of the tent. Gates lay down, and before eight minutes elapsed, died without purge or vomit.

Leaving the hospital tents one evening, with a brother captain (Kean), we met two men of our respective companies, named Derbyshire and Doyle, both splendid men. Speaking to them, as we always did, to raise their spirits, we asked how they were getting on.

"Never better in our lives," was the reply. At nine o'clock that night, on Kean and myself going into the dead-house, the first bodies we saw were those of these men. Only three hours had elapsed since we met them in apparent health and spirits.

I much fear that during that dreadful period men were buried alive. One night Kean and myself went into the dead-house, where there were eighteen or twenty bodies, and I thought I perceived a slight movement in one of them, that of a man named Bell. Calling an hospital orderly, I directed him to raise the seemingly dead man, who was still breathing. The doctor was sent for, and

on his arrival strong measures were resorted to, and the man recovered, only to be killed, however, afterwards at Sebastopol in the 38th Regiment, into which he had volunteered.

During this time, the Artillery, 60th, and Bombay Fusileers, stationed at Kurrachee, suffered considerably, but nothing in proportion to the 86th. I do not know exactly how many lives were lost in these regiments, but the number was very great. One or two privates of the 60th were so alarmed by the ravages that they shot themselves; and one assistant-surgeon became insane—his reason completely giving way under the dreadful scenes he witnessed. The supply of soda-water, which was the only remedy the poor fellows seemed to care for, was soon exhausted. The water, for ordinary use, was very bad, being infected by the poisonous atmosphere, and contributed not a little to increase the plague.

Within ten days the 86th buried three hundred and eighty-five men, women, and children. The finest and most powerful men were swept away; seventy-seven grenadiers

and light company men, the pick of the corps, were among the victims; and out of thirty-seven grenadiers who perished, strange to say only two were rear rank men. In the battalion companies, the finest men were also the victims. The band-sergeant, the band-master,* a German gentleman, who had been all the time in the West Indies with us, and nine bandsmen died. In fact the regiment was all but destroyed.

During this fearful mortality, only four officers of the whole Kurrachee force died of this disease. No officer of the 86th died, nor had any of them an attack of any consequence. How are we to account for this immense mortality among the soldiers, and the comparative immunity of the officers? I account for it simply in this way. Every item of food the officers received at their mess was good; having money they were able to procure good wine, brandy, &c., and thus were enabled to stave off the poisonous atmosphere. The soldiers, on the contrary, had everything of a bad and inferior descrip-

* I find this is a mistake; he died at Colaba, Bombay, of cholera.

tion; this bad food and bad water, &c., so predisposed them to the disease that they readily became victims, and suffered accordingly. Can the facts be accounted for in any other way?

Shortly before the plague ceased, almost every officer of the 86th broke out in numerous boils. I had upwards of twenty at one time, and very painful they were.

I do not believe cholera is contagious; if it is, how did I myself and others escape, who were constantly in the cholera tents holding the hands of the dying soldiers. During the disease I lost my European servant, poor Hall, who died and was buried within two hours, all my native servants but one small boy, and my dog. The dog, a beautiful black and tan terrier, vomited, and died in convulsions, and after death his body was covered with red pustules.

Contrary to established belief, the drunkards did not suffer in an equal proportion to their better conducted comrades. In fact, but very few of them, and only a very small proportion of the weak and sickly men, died.

The mortality among the natives was very great, and the stench of the bodies burning, although a long distance off, has often driven us out of our mess tent at Clifton.

In conclusion, I do not suppose that so dreadful an outbreak of cholera as that of June, 1846, in Kurrachee, Scinde, ever occurred before or since in India.

Our share of the Indian Mutiny, and other services in India, ended, we remained at Gwalior until February, 1859, and were then sent to Bombay by bullock hackeries, for the purpose of embarking for England; but previously a great dinner was given to the troops by the good people of Bombay.

In April I proceeded on board the good ship 'Kennington,' with a wing of the regiment, and I sailed for England once more. Touching at St. Helena I found the English mail had arrived, and had the pleasure of seeing a long list of C.B.'s gazetted, but my name was not among them, although many who had served under my command were there.

We reached England in August, 1859, and

in January, 1860, I obtained command of the regiment. The only relic of Jhansi I brought home, was the long-backed Scotch terrier that had belonged to poor Captain Skene, who was murdered with his wife. The dog was afterwards stolen from me.

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES—IRISH SENTRIES—THE MARTINET—ANNE BRADY—A LETTER FROM PURGATORY—GALWAY AND DERRY—BOYNE WATER—IRISH SERVANTS—BUTTERED TOAST—THE BILLY GOAT—SIR ALLAN CAMERON—AN IRISH TRAIT—THE YORKSHIREMAN'S FITS—STORY OF A TOOTH—INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

IN August, 1859, the regiment I belonged to landed at Gosport, having been brought down from Gravesend in that grand troop-ship, the 'Himalaya.' I had not been on shore two hours, when I was ordered on duty as field-officer of the day, and the countersign sent me was, "Cream." A sergeant of Marines was also sent to me, as a guide to the different guards I had to visit. Among the rest was one to reach which I was obliged to embark in a boat kept for the purpose, and land on a wharf.

I must premise my little story by saying that the garrison at Gosport, besides my own corps and the Marines, was composed of the Waterford and Tipperary Artillery (Militia). Two finer regiments, especially the latter, I never looked upon; in fact they were a corps of giants, and well merited the late Sir Charles Napier's epithet, when writing of the 22nd, "Magnificent Tipperary." He was wrong, however, in supposing that the 22nd were chiefly Irishmen, as the majority of the gallant Cheshire at Meanee were Englishmen.

Having, however, approached within about twenty yards of the shore, a voice redolent of the "Emerald Isle" saluted me.

"Who goes there?"

"Rounds."

"What rounds?"

"Grand rounds."

"Advance, grand rounds, and give the countersign?"

Accordingly, the boat rowing slowly, I answered in as good an Irish brogue as I could muster, "Crame!"

To my surprise the sentry roared out, "Halt, boat! Be J—s, that's not it."

"Upon my sowl," was my reply, "I've got no other."

"Be the powers," was the answer, "ye'll have to git another. But tell me, are yez one of the 'County Down?'"

"Faith I am," replied I.

"Then jist go back a bit, and thry 'Panther!' maybe ye met some of them in the Aist."

Taking the hint, I retired and came on again.

"Who goes there?"

"Rounds."

"What rounds?"

"Grand rounds."

"Advance, grand rounds, and give the countersign."

"Panther!"

"All's well."

On landing, I found a fine young Tipperary man, six feet high, who with a grin said, "Musha, Sur, how mighty soon ye remimbered the countersign!"

Although in time of war this would have been a great dereliction of duty, yet as there was nothing of the kind, it only showed the

fine disposition and kind heart of the Milesian.

"Panther" was the proper word, and they had sent me by mistake "Cream."

Talking of Irish sentries, I was once, when stationed at Chatham many years ago, lunching at the dockyard with a brother captain, J——s, of the — Regiment. After lunch he said, "I am going round my sentries; will you come?" I assented, and we started with the corporal of the guard.

After visiting several of the sentries, we came up to a stout-looking Irish recruit, who, on being asked by J——s for his orders, replied, as fast as he could speak, "My ordhers are, Sur, if a fire brake out I'm to take me musket and shute the narest policeman."

J——s, in the coolest manner possible, suggested that he had made some mistake, but no! Pat stuck to it: "That if a fire broke out, he was to take his musket and shute the narest policeman." J——s, with the remark, "I pity the policeman," walked on. The sentry's orders I afterwards learned were, that, "if a fire broke out, he was to fire

off his musket and alarm the nearest policeman."

If a fire had broken out, I think the policeman would have been both alarmed and astonished, and certainly you may depend upon it there would have been no failure in Pat's desire to obey such a delightful "ordher" as "shuting a policeman."

On another occasion, J——s told me that, on going his rounds, he came to a young Irish recruit of the 18th on sentry. Asking him for his orders, the reply was, "The devil a know I know; the corporal tould me something, but it's clane gone out my head."

When I was stationed in Dublin many years ago, there was an officer commanding a regiment, and who is now a lieutenant-general, alive and well. He was a great martinet, and looked upon the articles of war as the first book in the world; and as to courts-martial, there was no other tribunal to be compared with them.

On one occasion, a big, sulky Englishman was brought before him for some offence.

"Do you know, Sir, what I ought to do to

you, for this offence you have been guilty of?"

No answer.

"Do you hear what I say, Sir? What can I do to you?"

"Put me in the cells, I suppose," was at length the reply.

"Worse than that. What else could I do? Answer, Sir."

"Try me by a regimental court-martial," was again the sulky reply.

"Worse than that; what else can I do?" continued the Colonel.

"Send me to h—ll if you like," at length replied the baited recruit.

"A d—d sight worse than that," said the commanding officer. "I could try you by a general court-martial."

A rather amusing story was told me some time ago by an old lady, who had an ancient servant that had lived with her for many years, named Ann Brady.

One day Ann came in to her mistress in the parlour crying and roaring, "Now, ain't I the unfortunate woman; och, what will I do at all, at all?"

"What's the matter, Ann?" said her mistress.

"Och, ma'am," replied Ann, "the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and I know it's from my ould mother, who's been there this tin years, and it's all about me not paying for the masses I said I would, ochone! but I am the miserable woman."

On her mistress going out she found the postman in a fit of laughter, with a letter directed to "Ann Brady" from the "Dead Letter Office." Nothing could induce her to touch it, the "Dead" to her meaning purgatory, and nothing else; and her mistress was obliged to open the letter for her, and found it was one Ann had written to a nephew in Clare, but who had gone to America, and consequently the letter had been returned.

Some years ago I asked a young English officer who had lately joined the regiment if he was any relation to a family of the same name in the West of Ireland. "It is very likely," he replied, "for about one hundred years ago some of our relations went to 'Foreign Parts,'" meaning "Green Erin."

Well, there are very few people, English and Scotch, who have not read or heard of "Derry," the "Maiden City," where the English and Scotch "'Prentice Boys" shut the gates, and drove back the hordes of King James—the "City" of gallant Walker, of Murray, and of Cairnes, the stronghold of Protestantism in Ireland, the "City of glorious memories."

There is also another city in the West famed for its being the fisherman's delight; for its kind and genial society, for its hospitality to strangers, for its fair maids and dashing horsewomen, and, more than all, for its glorious old warden Lynch, who, for the sake of justice, condemned his only son to death, and, as tradition states, carried out the sentence himself—the "City of the Tribes." Antagonistic to Derry, it is as much Roman Catholic as the other is Protestant. Let us hope there is room in heaven for both. Well, to my story.

One fine Summer's day, I will not say how long ago, the Western city was in a state of excitement, for a new English depôt was expected to relieve that of an Irish regiment.

Suddenly the brass band of the gallant Rifles floated on the breeze, as with martial tread they entered the Irish town; but, oh! "saints above," what tune was that played by the Englishmen which reached the ears of the listeners? Was it "St. Patrick's Day?" Was it "Garryowen?" Could it be the "Foxhunter's Jig," or some national air dear to every Irish heart? No. Old women counted their beads, portly priests crossed themselves, and dark looks glared upon the heretic strangers. Meanwhile the Major led his troops, blandly smiling on all around, while the music pealed forth the spirit-stirring melody of "Boyne Water." What greater insult to the people, the battle-tune of their hereditary enemies played within the walls of their old city? And yet the Major looked as if he was paying them the greatest compliment in his power. It was not likely, after this supposed exhibition of party feeling, that the new depôt would be on cordial terms with the good people of Galway.

A few days after this occurred, the lady who told me the story met at dinner the Major above mentioned, who had the honour

of taking her in to dinner. In the course of conversation he observed to her, "Can you tell me the reason why we are evidently so unpopular in your good city? I think my officers are gentlemen, my men well behaved, and I cannot, for the life of me, imagine the reason."

"Do you mean to say," replied Mrs. C——n, "that you are not aware of the reason?"

"Upon my honour I am not."

"Why, do you call it nothing to outrage the religious feelings of a Roman Catholic town by marching into it with your band playing that Orange tune, the 'Boyne Water?'"

"Good heavens!" replied the astounded Major, "is that the reason? I now recollect, when we halted before entering the town, the band-sergeant came up to me and asked what tune he should play, and I replied, 'Oh, play the tune that was so well received the day we marched into Derry.'"

After this explanation matters became very different, and there were no greater

favourites in Galway than the gallant riflemen.

When a regiment arrives from India there is always a great scarcity of servants. In that country, except for the purpose of cleaning your sword, and that on the sly, European soldiers are not allowed to be employed in any way by the officers, and therefore it is necessary to train recruits as servants. Such was our case when we landed in England, after eighteen years' Indian service. Every officer was trying to pick out the most likely recruit or old soldier he could get.

One of our married officers chose a huge Irishman, with large black whiskers, named Farrington (by-the-by, anything but an Irish name), and he was duly installed in his office. The first day, under instructions of the cook, he brought up the dinner, and placed it on the table, after doing which, he turned round to his astonished mistress, and, in a stentorian voice, shouted,

"Shall I strip, ma'am?"

"Oh, good gracious, no?" replied the lady.

"What the devil do you mean, you blackguard?" roared the astounded master. "I say, what do you mean?"

"Troth, Sur," replied the frightened domestic, "I only wanted to know if I was to take them covers off," pointing to the dishes.

My poor friend, Giles R——, had been very ill, and had a young recruit for his valet. Having little or no appetite one morning, he fancied he would like a little piece of buttered toast, and he desired the servant to make it for him, and closed his eyes for a few minutes. What was his horror, on opening them, to find the servant diligently spreading the butter with his enormous thumb on the toast. My friend renounced his buttered toast that day, and I don't think he cared for it for a long time after.

A very good story was told me by a friend of mine, who belonged to a gallant Fusilier corps in the Crimea. A brother officer, who was rather fond of the good things of this life, and was particularly partial to milk in his tea, despatched his servant, Peter Hughes, an Irishman, to Balaclava, to purchase the best goat he could obtain for

money. Towards the dusk of the evening, "Pether" returned, and seeing his master's head looking out of the tent, he called to him, saying,

"Be gor, Sur, I've got the finest goat in the world. He's as big as a jackass, Sur."

"Hurrah!" shouted the happy master. "We'll have some milk for tea."

And with a jug in hand, and a small stool to sit upon, he came out of the tent to milk the animal. After many vain attempts to discover the teats of his purchase, he found out, to his dismay, that his sapient attendant had brought him home an immense "Billy goat," at which discovery, as the Claimant says, "the Captin swore hawful."

An Irish Militia Regiment was once stationed, shortly after the Crimean war, in the same garrison as our corps. The instructor of musketry for the district was a staid Scotsman, Captain J——. The men of the regiment did not improve in any way in their rifle shooting, and at length the captain went to Colonel D——, and said,

"I do not know what is the reason,

Colonel, but I am afraid you will never make good shots of your men."

"Are you mad?" said the Colonel, a bit of a wag, I suspect.

"No," replied the astonished instructor; "why should you say such a thing?"

"Because," said the Colonel, "if we were such infernal fools as to make them good shots, when the regiment is disbanded not one of us would be alive in three months; they'd bring us down like woodcocks."

The gallant 79th Cameron Highlanders have been lately brought to notice, in consequence of a number of the men volunteering to the 'Black Watch' for service in Ashantee. It is said they volunteered under the proviso that, after the war, they were to be returned to their old corps, in order to gratify a most soldier-like and chivalrous feeling. However such it seems is not to be the case. This brings to mind an old story I have heard in my boyhood, in reference to this very regiment. The gallant old Sir Allan Cameron, who raised the regiment, was not on the most amicable terms with the then Commander-in-Chief, His Royal Highness the Duke

of York, and it is said the following conversation took place between them .—

"Sir Allan Cameron, I shall draft your regiment."

"No, your Royal Highness," was the reply, "you will not."

"By G—d, I will," said the Duke.

"Then, by G—d," replied Sir Allan, "it's more than your royal father dare do."

"If I can't draft them," resumed the Duke, "I'll send them to the West Indies."

"Your Royal Highness may send to h—ll, if you like, and I'll go with them," was the old Highlander's reply.

I was well laughed at in Bombay at a dinner party given by Brigadier Short, commanding the troops in the garrison, in April, 1859, when I stoutly asserted "that the Government had no right or authority to transfer the Europeans of the Company's army to that of the Queen without their consent, and that if I were the soldier who had been flogged on that account, I would make the authorities pay dear for it." There was not a single person who agreed with me, but

I had scarcely arrived in England when their stupid mistake was found out.

When we were stationed in Gosport, in 1859, two splendid Militia Artillery Corps were there.. The following laughable incident occurred, and was told me word by word by the officer to whom it happened, and who now commands my old regiment. Some of the men of one of these regiments were out practising rifle-shooting, when the officer in question came up to them. As he had neither whiskers nor moustache, they naturally did not suppose him to be an officer. At this time, it will be remembered, there was a good deal of talk about a French invasion, and some of the French colonels had threatened to eat us without salt. My friend, addressing one of the privates, said :

"That would be a fine weapon if the French were to come."

"Faith," was the reply, "av they come, it isn't agin them we'd lift the weapon."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"What do I mane? Why, this: av the French were to come, I'll hould ye a shillin'

there'll be more Catholic chapels than Protestant churches next year."

"What have you to complain of?" said J——.

"Arrah, do ye hear that? What have we to complain of? Everything," said the artilleryman.

"But name what you have to complain of," persisted J——.

"Why, then," was the reply, "I don't know exactly what we've got to complain of. Upon my shoul, I don't think we've anything to complain of; but" (with emphasis) "ye know *we're opprissed.*"

Was there ever anything more Irish?

I recollect our doctor being sold once by an English recruit, enlisted at the barrack gate. He was a stout-built Yorkshireman, with a very comical expression of face. On being taken to the hospital, stripped, and medically examined, the doctor was perfectly satisfied that, physically, he had a fine recruit.

In the course of his examination, the doctor asked the man if he ever had fits,

and the recruit replied that he often had them.

"What kind of fits?" asked the doctor.

"Why, Sur, Iv'e sumtoimes sulky fits, and sumtoimes, Sur, I've lazy fits, and sumtoimes, Sur, I've drunken fits."

"Hospital sergeant," shouted medico, "this man has passed—take him away."

The worthy doctor used to tell the story with great glee.

On the long marches in India I very often walked with the soldiers, and certainly their songs and stories passed the time wonderfully. An English or a Scotch regiment might beat them in singing, but certainly not in story-telling. I remember once being highly amused at an old soldier's account of his having a tooth drawn. One of the men of the company had a very swollen face.

"What the devil is the matter wid your face, Phil?" said a comrade.

"Och, shure I've been dying all night wid the toothache," was the reply.

"It's a pity," said another, "ye hadn't Denis McCarthy, the Nenagh tooth-doctor, here, an he'd soon whip it out o' ye. Did

I ever tell ye, boys, the way he trated me?"

"Never, Dan.. Hurroo for Dan's story. Now, Dan, yer sowl; hurroo!"

Accordingly Dan commenced:—"Ye must know, boys, I was born and brought up in the nate little town of Nenagh, the flower of Tipperary, and an idle gossoon I was, blackguarding about the place, when one night I was taken wid the toothache, and I thought I'd go mad wid the pain. I put cowld wather into it, and that made me worse, and what the devil to do I knew not, when just as the day was dawning I remembered that Denis McCarthy, the tooth-doctor, would, maybe, take it out for me. So I got up, and I goes over to Denny's place. He had one iligant room, wid no furniture in it but half of a broken tub, and a lot of straw in a matteras: Denis was smoking his pipe as I came up wid me head in my fist, for I thought the very eyes would drop out o' me."

"'What's the matter, Dan?' ses Denny.

"'Och,' ses I, 'I'm dead wid the toothache,' ses I.

"'Faith, we'll sune take that out o' ye,'

ses he. 'But what will ye give me?' ses he. So we bargained and bargained; he wanted eighteenpence, and I offered a shillin', and at last he said he'd take it. 'And,' ses he, 'ye must go over to Biddy McMahon's at the publick, and get the instrument out of pawn, for it's in for ninepence,' ses he.

"So I wint and got the instrument, and a mighty ugly article it looked.

"'Now then,' ses he, 'Dan, sit down on the tub, and you'll sune be a happy man.'

"So I sits down on the tub, and he puts the instrument into my mouth, and he gives me a little tug, and I thought the head would come off me; but the villain o' the world was only getting a regular hould of me, and when he'd got a good hould, ses he, 'Ye blackguard! av ye don't give me the other sixpence, I'll break the jaw o' ye;' and begor he would. So I had to give it him."

It is now more than forty-five years ago, that in Derry city several officers in a group were talking together, and I, a boy scarcely fifteen, was listening to them. There had been, as usual, a punishment parade; but the court-martial of that day had not been

a regimental but a garrison one, and consequently every corps attended.

The officers were arguing as to the effect of flogging on a man. Some were of opinion that, once flogged, he was worth nothing afterwards; others said the men cared little or nothing about it, so common was the occurrence. A stout, elderly-looking officer was standing close to them, but taking no part in the conversation, nor, in fact, noticed by the others, when suddenly he walked up to them, and said he considered it did more good than harm. This man, whom I will call Jenkin Jones, was of a respectable family, and entered into the regiment towards the close of the Peninsular War. Handsome, strong, and active, he was an excellent specimen of a young Welshman, and was, in fact, the show man of the Light Company, the captain of which is still alive, and a general officer. Jenkins was absent night after night, but his handsome appearance and his soldierlike qualities had kept him from the halberds, though he had been tried by court-martial and sentenced to solitary confinement; but it was well known

that on his next serious offence his good qualities would not save his back.

The officer of his company did everything he could to reform him, but with no effect, for his next offence was to remain absent for two days and return drunk to his barracks. He was tried and sentenced to receive three hundred lashes. Every person was sorry for the light-hearted young Welshman, whose prepossessing face showed that he could not be altogether bad. However, he received his punishment, and bore it like a man, although he cried bitterly when taken down, as if the disgrace was now felt for the first time. After being in hospital some time, he came out a changed man, quiet and subdued.

The colonel of the regiment and the captain of the light company were not on the most amicable terms, and one day the adjutant came to the latter and said,

"I am directed by Colonel S—— to tell you at once to send into the orderly-room the names of two men for lance-corporal."

"I have only got one who is fit for it," was the reply.

"The colonel's orders are for two," replied the man in office.

"Very well," said the captain; "I shall send in Jones as the other."

Jones' name was sent in, and in two years he was a sergeant, in three years sergeant-major, and in a short time received his commission and the adjutantcy of the corps; in fifteen years from that time he was nearly senior captain of the regiment into which he had exchanged.

A soldier of a cavalry regiment during the Crimean War was brought up for stealing his comrade's ration-liquor. He was an Irishman, and his defence was unique.

"I'd be sorry indade, Sur, to be called a thief. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and, shure, I was obliged to drink his to get at my own. Och! Sur, I'd scorn to be a thief!"

I don't know whether this very ingenious defence got him off or not.

CHAPTER XII.

DREAMS—MARRIAGE OF MY BETROTHED—A FRIEND'S APPOINTMENT TO A REGIMENT—THE BRACELET—ENSIGN BOWEN—SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE—BELIEF IN DREAMS—APPARITIONS—MRS. SPELLACY—OLD MAC'S SUPERSTITION—SERGEANT SCANLAN—A WARNING—HAUNTED HOUSE—IRISH SUPERSTITION.

I SUPPOSE that nineteen out of twenty people who are looked upon by the world as sensible, strong-minded men disbelieve totally in the supernatural, or that the spirits of those departed this life are ever permitted to revisit it again. Yet still there have been clever sensible men, Sir Walter Scott, for instance, and the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who did not treat with contempt the belief in the spirit world. With respect to dreams, I come of a dreaming family, perhaps all tainted more or less in our blood with Scottish superstition, and it would

therefore be very difficult to shake my belief in them and their verification, after the cases that have occurred to myself and others of my family. Without asserting that I go "the whole hog" relative to these matters, and constitute myself a champion of "ghost-land," yet I have myself witnessed such extraordinary occurrences, and been told by friends of others equally so, and which they fully believed, that, taking the risk of being laughed at by many, I still hold to the idea that such things as I am about to relate did and may happen. With respect to dreams, I can answer for the truth of those that occurred to myself and sister, and also of that to Ensign Matthews, 86th Regiment. I have already, in the early part of this book, related my boyish dream concerning the finding of Frederick Close's hat and body on the banks of the river Suir.

In the West Indies, after a separation of three years, I distinctly dreamt that I saw the marriage of the lady to whom I was engaged to be married. The whole scene was before me as vividly as if I had been awake and present at it. Although separated by

hundreds of miles, and I had never heard of the slightest probability of its taking place, yet it did happen, and, more strange still, occurred on the very day I saw it in my dream.

In March, 1835, returning home from the West Indies in the ship 'Apollo,' Captain Randall, I dreamt one night that a brother of mine was dead. I woke up, went on deck, and told Randall my dream (I was the only passenger on board). I went to bed again, and had the same dream. Both Randall and myself noted the day and date of it down. So entirely had this dream taken hold of my mind, that on arriving in May at St. Heliers, Jersey, where my family resided, instead of going to their house at once, I went to the Royal Hotel, and, as my mother was well known in the island, I asked the landlady if she knew her, or had seen her lately. She said she both knew her, and had seen her at market the day before (Saturday). I asked if she was aware of any death in the family. The reply was that she was not aware, but that my mother was dressed in black.

It was Sunday morning, and when I drove

up to the house the family were all at church, and the door was opened by an old Scotch-woman, Maggie Paterson, who had nursed us all. She threw her arms round my neck, and I at once said, "How are the family? are they all quite well?"

"All well," was the reply; "but poor Master Tom died last month of scarlet fever."

He died the very night of my dream. It is more curious because I had never seen him, as he was born after I went out to the West Indies.

A brother of mine was expecting his commission, but no particular regiment had been applied for or mentioned. One morning at breakfast my sister said to him, "Ned, I dreamt last night I was reading the Gazette, and that you were appointed to the 39th. In a few days the Gazette appeared, with his appointment to this very regiment.

Some little time ago a friend of our family, Mrs. W——, the widow of a gallant officer, had applied for a situation in the Ordnance for her son. No favourable answer had been received, and she was not at all sanguine as to the result of her application. We were

naturally much interested in the success of our friend's petition, and one morning my sister, coming down to breakfast, said, "Well, I dreamt last night I saw the postman knock at Mrs. W——'s door, and give her an official letter containing Henry's appointment, worth so much a year." Half-an-hour afterwards, while sitting at the window, she suddenly said, "I declare the postman has knocked at Mrs. W——'s door" (she lived opposite). "I wonder if my dream will come true?" It was the official letter with the appointment, and, curious to say, the exact income suggested in the dream.

These, of course, are trivial cases, and might merely be called coincidences; but what I am going to relate is still more curious, and occurred within the last few months. I had a sister-in-law living abroad. My sister dreamt one night that she came to her bed-side, looking ghastly pale, holding in her hands two bracelets, one of rubies and diamonds, the other of plain black jet. "Here, A——," she said, "take these precious stones. I only require this mourning one." She died that very night in America.

Two detachments of my regiment embarked for India from Gravesend, one preceding the other by a month. The headquarters were then stationed at Belgaum in the Southern Mahratta country. Belgaum is about seventy miles from Vingorla, where troops disembark from Bombay. In the first detachment that sailed was an Ensign Bowen, of a well-known Irish family.

The draft arrived safely at Bombay, where Bowen purchased an Arab horse, and then went to Vingorla, where they disembarked, and continued *en route* to Belgaum. On their march they had to pass the River Betwa, which was considerably swollen by the heavy rains that had fallen. Bowen, disregarding all remonstrances and advice, would insist upon riding his horse over the river, the current of which was very powerful, and the consequence was that he was swept from the saddle and drowned, the horse swimming on shore.

In the second draft that left England was an Ensign Matthews, a great friend of Bowen's. One morning, when they were about twenty days' sail from Bombay, Matthews came into

the cabin at breakfast-time and said, "I had a queer dream last night. I saw Bowen try to swim a horse across a river, but he was unable to do so, and I saw him fall off, and he was drowned, but the horse swam on shore."

Judging from the time, this must have occurred on the very day the lad lost his life. I afterwards purchased the horse, and kept him for several years. I heard this not only from Matthews himself, but from others present at the breakfast table.

And now, as a conclusion, a singular circumstance, that can be borne out by all my family, has occurred within the last few days. Call it second-sight, or what you like, but happen it did.

We were intimate with a young officer, but did not know any of his family. On the 19th of this month, in a kind of vision before my eyes, appeared a telegram announcing the death of our friend's father. I could not banish the idea from my mind, and I said to one of my daughters, "I am sure something is going to happen to ——'s father." I was of course laughed at,

but this, shall I call it "illusion," still haunted me, and on the morning of the 22nd, while getting out of bed, it almost appeared a certainty to me, and I said, "There must be something in this." On entering the breakfast-room, where four of my family were seated, I said, "I am convinced —— is dying;" but they all laughed. Ten minutes after my wife came into the room, pale as a ghost, with a newspaper in her hand, and said, "Good God! —— died the day before yesterday suddenly, when on a visit."

With my dream of Close, also of the lady in the West Indies, my brother's death, and the last fact I have written, can I be blamed if I sometimes appear a superstitious goose?

When we were stationed at St. Kitts in the West Indies, a Mrs. Spellacy, wife to a sergeant, died, and it was suspected her death had been accelerated by brutal treatment on the part of the husband. He refused to allow her body to be opened by the surgeon, and there was not sufficient evidence on which to accuse the man of his wife's

death. She was buried in the churchyard, not far from the hospital, and overlooking the cemetery, where a sentry was always placed, to prevent the men going down the Hill after hours, it being one of the few roads by which they could go.

On the night Mrs. Spellacy was buried, the relief, on going their rounds, found the sentry on the churchyard in a fit, and insensible on his post. They planted the other sentry, and the man in the fit was taken to the hospital. The corporal and party had scarcely arrived there, when the sentry they had left, rushed frantically into the hospital guardroom without shako or musket, and also fell down in a fit. The latter recovered his senses first, and declared that the relief had scarcely left him when, looking over the wall to the spot where Mrs. Spellacy had been buried that day, he saw her distinctly in her death-clothes rise out of the grave, and come towards him, when, horror-struck with the fright, he threw down his musket, and ran as well as he could to the hospital guard.

The first sentry was a very long time

before he recovered his senses, and at one time the medical officer thought he would have died in the fit. Eventually he recovered, and, strange to say, his story was exactly the same as that of the man who relieved him. He had seen Mrs. Spellacy rise from the grave and advance towards him, and he remembered no more. Collusion between the men was an impossibility, and as to any trick being played, the superstitious Irish soldier would sooner die than attempt to personate a dead body. It may have been an illusion of the brain, but how strange that both men stated exactly the same thing! The circumstance so appalled the soldiers that for a time double sentinels were placed, the men refusing to go on the post alone. Old Mac suggested that I ought to show the example and mount sentry, but I begged to be excused, unless he, as senior officer, would perform that duty first. Brave as a lion, he would sooner have marched into a cannon's mouth than run the risk of encountering Mrs. Spellacy from the spirit-land; for he was about as superstitious an old Highlander as ever came from his native

hills. I don't pretend to account for all this, I merely state what actually took place. One thing I am perfectly convinced of, and that is, that no trick was played.

There was an officer in my late regiment, a gentleman by birth, and if "right could be might," he would in all probability have borne an old and gallant Scottish title. However, his family had by misfortunes fallen very low in the world, as respects "the world's riches," and my friend manfully determined to fight his way by his own exertions, and accordingly enlisted in the 11th regiment. His antecedents being well known, he soon obtained promotion, for he was as well conducted as he was well educated. In a very few years he became sergeant-major of the regiment, and from his own lips I take the following story.

"We were stationed at Zante or Cephalonia," I forget which he said, "where a Sergeant Scanlan of the regiment died, and was buried on a certain day. I was then sergeant-major. I had gone to bed, and enjoyed my first sleep, when I was awoke, at least partially. I pinched myself and rubbed

my eyes, to see if I could possibly be really awake, for there in the bright moonlight at the foot of my bed, in his death shroud, stood Sergeant Scanlan, the soldier we had buried that day. For the space of a minute I gazed horror-struck upon the fearful object, which continued to look upon me with its glassy eyes. I was fast losing my senses, when suddenly the figure receded and passed through the door. I slept no more that night, you may suppose, but with the bedclothes over my head, for fear the terrible vision should return, I lay bathed in a cold sweat until the morning dawn appeared.

"It had scarcely done so when a knock came to the door, and an old soldier stepped in, looking worn and haggard; how I looked I cannot say.

"'Sergeant-major,' he said, 'something dreadful happened to me last night, but I have said nothing to the men on guard about it, until I should see you. Last night,' and the man trembled like an aspen leaf, 'while on sentry close to your room, between twelve and one o'clock, the buried Sergeant Scanlan, in his death-clothes, came out of

your quarters, and passed me on my post. As I hope for heaven, it is true.' "

I do not pretend to account for this mysterious and improbable story, but it is well known in the — regiment. My informant, I am happy to say, is still alive and a retired major.

A friend of mine, a colonel in the army, now alive and well, once came down to Chatham, where we were both quartered at the time, from London, and told me of a curious circumstance that had just occurred to a friend of his, a captain in the navy. This friend had been left a widower with one little girl, about five or six years old, and so fond was he of her that her little cot was placed in his bedroom, where she slept every night. He fell in love again, and I believe all the arrangements for his second marriage were nearly completed, when one night he dreamed his first wife came to his bedside, and warned him not to marry again, for that, if he did, he would repent it. His first wife had long fair hair, and had died in giving birth to the little girl whom I have mentioned.

Thinking nothing of his dream in the morning, he called the little girl to him, when her first exclamation was, "Oh, papa, such a nice lady, with long hair, came to my bedside last night, and said you were not to give me another mamma."

This singular incident—the appearance of the vision both to himself and the child—had such an effect upon his mind that he broke off his intended marriage, and he himself told my friend, Colonel P——, the reason for his coming to a determination apparently so unaccountable.

Some twenty years ago, I very often visited the Isle of Man, where I knew a Mrs. Grey and her husband very well. They lived in a house that had the reputation of being haunted, and certainly, from all accounts, strange noises were said to be heard in it, and it was reported that wonderful sights had been seen within its walls. From Grey himself I repeatedly heard of circumstances that he could not in any way account for, and, had Mrs. Grey not been a most strong-minded woman, she would long before have left the house.

There was one room upstairs that no one would sleep in, and the servants would never enter it after dark. Grey repeatedly offered to supply anyone with brandy, cigars, &c., if he would only muster courage to pass one night in it. The Manx, it is well known, are very superstitious, and Grey could not make up his mind to try the experiment himself. At length, however, a dare-devil of a fellow, named Dickinson, one of his friends, about as resolute a man as I ever met, accepted the offer, and, being plentifully supplied with all the requisites for eating, drinking, and smoking, laughingly entered the dreaded apartment. What passed during the night we know not, but he came down next morning an altered man, ghastly pale, and looked like a ghost himself. When questioned, he swore he would give no explanation, and even threatened to knock the first man down that alluded again to the affair in his presence, and he would have kept his word. From that day, a period of twenty years, he has never divulged the secret of his night vigil in that room. I was speaking to him three months' ago, but dared not even allude to the subject.

Among the curious circumstances that constantly occurred in the house was the tread of heavy steps in the drawing-room, when empty, and which sometimes went on continually. A pointer dog has often been seen to go sniff sniff about the room, howling, and with his tail between his legs, sneak under a sofa in abject terror. On one occasion I saw this myself.

It was in July that what I am now going to relate occurred. Grey asked myself and three others to play a rubber of whist. It was a bachelor's party, as Mrs. Grey had gone into the country, and consisted of a brother-in-law of mine, named Hartwell, Mr. Rae, and a Mr. Whitty, the son of an Irish clergyman, whose father had been some time before barbarously murdered in the County Clare. I give the names, for, except Hartwell, they are all alive, and can testify to what I am going to relate.

Supper was laid in a room under the drawing-room, and the servants were all allowed to go and see their friends for the night; consequently there was no person in the house except ourselves. About one o'clock

in the morning, we went to supper; but scarcely had we sat down when over our heads in the drawing-room commenced the heavy tread of footsteps. "There!" exclaimed Grey, "that is what takes place two or three nights every week." Whitty and myself rushed up the stairs, and the steps continued until we all but reached the door, when they suddenly ceased, and when we entered the room all was still.

We again returned to our supper, leaving the drawing-room door open, and had scarcely commenced when the footsteps were heard again over our heads. Again we rushed upstairs, and until we almost entered the room the steps continued, tramp, tramp, tramp; but the room was vacant. This occurred until supper was over, and all our attempts to penetrate the mystery were unavailing, so we had no more whist, and went away, not knowing what to think.

Long after this, I was speaking to Grey on the subject. He had never been able to find out the cause of the strange proceedings constantly going on, and had left the house many years ago, absolutely driven out of

it. I went to see it the other day, rapidly falling to ruin, as no one would inhabit it. On only one occasion was anything said to have been seen, and that by a reckless, daring fellow, named Tom H——, who declared he met on the stairs one night a woman with long flowing hair, and a child in her arms. He even wanted to go before the High Bailiff to make an oath in confirmation of the truth of his statement; and it is certainly a fact that tradition did say that a woman, answering that description, and her child, were murdered in the house towards the close of the last century.

One of the largest proprietors in the same island had gone to Scotland to purchase cattle. During his absence, his son and steward were standing at the front door of his house in the country, when the son, looking towards the stables, said,

"When did my father come home? he is just going into the stables."

"So he is," replied the other; "I was not aware he had returned."

They went to the stables, but no one was there. The vision seen by both was un-

accountable, and they waited anxiously for news, which soon arrived.

At that very day and hour the gentleman had fallen dead in Scotland.

I will now relate a circumstance that happened in my own family when I was in India, and my wife and family at home. My wife's sister was married to the present Sir E—— G——d. One evening, she and my eldest daughter, aged about thirteen, and a little boy of ten, were sitting in the drawing-room, when the door suddenly opened, and a figure in black glided into the room and vanished, after being distinctly seen by both my wife and daughter. There was only one servant-woman in the house at the time, the rest having been allowed to go out. My little girl ran downstairs to see if it could have been the housekeeper, who always dressed in black; but she had never left her own room. Six weeks after came the account of my sister-in-law's death at Simla, the very day on which my wife and daughter had seen the figure in black. Her husband at the time was with the troops before Delhi.

A friend of mine, Mr. Harry O'N——, was driving through a wild part of Connemara on an Irish car, on a bright moonlight night, when suddenly the horse stood still, trembling violently, and my friend distinctly saw the figures of two men, arm-in-arm, cross the road, and enter a wall on the other side. He said to the driver, "In Heaven's name, what is the meaning of this? Did you see the two men?"

The carman was in a dreadful state of alarm; and, crossing himself repeatedly, he exclaimed, "The Cross o' Christ be about us! either you or I will be dead in a short time. No one sees them and lives long."

When my friend arrived at the township, he told what he had seen to the landlord of the hotel, who was as much frightened as the carman.

"God be good to us!" he said. "It's an awful thing to see the two brothers."

Strange to say, the horse was found dead in the stable next morning, and the carman died of typhus fever within a month. Whether there was any connection between the two events I do not undertake to say.

Tradition said that two brothers, a century before, had loved the same maiden, and at the spot where they were said to appear, they fought, and both were mortally wounded, but before death became reconciled, and died in each other's arms.

The father of a particular friend of mine, Buller, late of the 60th Rifles, was a Civil Judge at Calcutta. His wife and family were in England. He was in his study writing home to her one night, as the English mail was about to sail (it was not in the time of the Overland Route), when he happened to lift up his eyes, and, to his astonishment, beheld, close to the door, the vision of his wife. Starting from his chair, he approached it, and as he did, the vision gradually receded and faded away. Returning bewildered to his seat, the Judge sat, unable to take a pen in his trembling hand; but endeavouring to collect his senses and his thoughts, when, looking towards the door, there stood the vision, gazing on him with a sad, melancholy smile. Calling her by name, he again rushed towards it, when it again receded and became invisible. He was found by his servants in a

state of insensibility. At that very hour, allowing for the difference of time between England and India, his wife died. Buller has shown me his father's letter to his wife, now nearly fifty years old, containing the above account, his apprehension and anxiety on the subject; a letter which she was not alive to receive, but which has been kept as an heirloom in the family.

A very strange tale is the following, but there are many living of the old "Borderers" who will recollect it, and also with many kindly feelings the person it happened to. Colonel C——s was one of the most gentlemanly, refined, and kind-hearted men I ever met, an Englishman; he had served in the Guards, and had then exchanged into a Line regiment. He was a very handsome man, and with a most beautiful and perfect set of teeth.

On one occasion, while stationed in Ireland, he visited the small town of Aughrim, celebrated for a desperate battle that took place between the troops of King William and the adherents of the unfortunate James II. The slaughter of the

Irish kernes had been so great that pyramids were erected with the skulls of those who had fallen. Colonel C——s went to visit this place of historical interest, and inspecting the skulls closely, he perceived remaining in one of them a tooth, which he pulled out, placed in his waistcoat pocket, and returned to the inn.

Retiring to bed about the middle of the night, he dreamed that a man dressed in the garb of an old Irish kerne, entered the room, and approaching the bed, said, "A tooth for a tooth," at the same time putting his hand into C——s' mouth and extracting one of his front teeth.

Dream or no dream, in the morning, when he awoke, the tooth was gone. He had never suffered in the slightest degree from toothache, nor ever had a rotten or decayed tooth in his life. There was no pain or swelling of the mouth; the tooth was simply missing.

All who had the pleasure of knowing Colonel C——s, are well aware he was the very last man to attempt a practical joke; and so annoying to him was the mention of

the above story, that he would not allow it to be spoken of in his presence. He told it, however, to a friend of mine, an officer in my regiment, who at the time was in the 27th. This gentleman published the story in a pamphlet in the West Indies—either in St. Vincent's or Granada—upwards of forty years ago. I had the pamphlet for some years in my possession, but lost it.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONDITION OF OFFICER AND SOLDIER—OFFICERS' PAY—POSITION OF THE COLONEL OF A REGIMENT—REGIMENTS FROM INDIA—BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONELS—MAJORS—CAPTAINS—PAY OF SUBALTERNS—POSITION OF OFFICERS IN INDIA—PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS—CASE OF A MERITORIOUS COLOUR-SERGEANT—QUARTER-MASTERS—PRIZE MONEY—INCREASE OF PAY—DETERIORATION OF THE ARMY—MANAGEMENT OF A REGIMENT.

IF you were to believe what you hear or read, you would almost be inclined to think that so much improved is the condition of the officer and soldier from what it was in former years, that no more is to be desired, and that they would be most ungrateful if they were not contented with their lot and the luxuries they enjoy. But I am afraid many of them cannot see the sacrifices that have been made for them, and I therefore intend to make some remarks on the grievances of officers. We will therefore

begin with that most necessary article—money, or, as it is called in military parlance, "pay."

I believe almost since the commencement of this century, up to the present time, the pay of the officer has not in any way been increased. The colonel receives seventeen shillings per diem, the major sixteen shillings, the captain eleven shillings and sevenpence, the lieutenant six shillings and sixpence, and the fortunate ensign five shillings and threepence. Meantime, every article of food and clothing has increased fourfold; the wages of the mechanic, the carpenter, &c., have all increased; everything except the paltry pay of England's defenders.

First, with regard to the colonel, it is, no doubt, a great and charming position to hold the command of a regiment; to have some thirty-four officers and eight hundred men under your nod; to ride through the town at the head of the corps, the band playing, colours flying, and the lookers-on pointing and whispering to one another, "That's the colonel;" and I acknowledge it to be a

position that any man might be proud of; but, alas! it can very seldom be held, at least for any length of time, by a poor man, it is only the gentleman with plenty of means that can pleasantly realise his being the first man in the battalion.

Now the pay of a lieutenant-colonel at home, and in certain colonies, is the large sum of seventeen shillings per diem, or, deducting mess, band, subscriptions, &c., less than three hundred pounds per annum. It is true that, when in command, he receives an additional three shillings a day, but should he be absent from the regiment through sickness or any other cause, the senior officer bags the amount. He is also allowed so much for the keep of a horse, the said animal being purchased by himself; and if he lost half a dozen horses in the year, except from glanders, &c., government would not remunerate him for one.

Now as colonel of a regiment at home, you are naturally expected to keep up its credit and appearance in every way. The arrival from India of a battalion is the signal for young men of family and money

eager to get into it. The poor captains and subalterns, whose means will not allow them to enjoy the bracing air of their native country for any length of time, exchange* to regiments abroad, where they may exist, and there is now plenty of money in the corps. The colonel, we will say a poor man, unwilling in his old age again to tempt a tropical climate and leave his family, will endeavour to struggle on; but it is useless, go he must. He hears in a roundabout way (when he has refused to sanction some expensive ball, &c.) the expressions of the officers to one another, "What a d—d stingy old hunks the colonel is; wouldn't allow us to have that ball," &c.; and tired out at length he either sells, or, if he is able, obtains the "full pay retirement."

I recollect some few years ago dining in London at a Member of Parliament's, when there were several other guardians of the nation also present. Some time after dinner the conversation turned upon the army, its pay, &c. How they opened their legislative eyes, when they were informed for the first time of

* This favour was taken away the other day, but I believe is now allowed again under certain restrictions.

the splendid amount of my income! "Why," said one of them, "I thought your pay would at least have been eight hundred pounds a year. Good God! is it possible that is all you get?"

The major has not so much right to complain, for he receives within one shilling as much as the colonel, and stands in his shoes for the three shilling command money in his absence.

Does not the following look like an absurdity, irrespective of its gross injustice. I obtained my promotion to brevet lieutenant-colonel for service in the field, after having been thirty years in the army. With this I received the splendid addition to my pay of one shilling per diem. Several young captains, some of them but four or five years in the service, were also promoted to brevet majors for service in the field. Their pay was at once raised from eleven shillings and sevenpence to sixteen shillings per diem, independent of their allowance for a company. Will anyone explain to me the reason why the old veteran of thirty years' service, probably in every part of the world, should only be rewarded with one shilling for his

good conduct in action, and the young captain who was not born or thought of when he, the veteran, entered the army, should receive the handsome addition to his pay of four shillings and five pence per diem. If this is not both an absurdity and an injustice, I wonder what it can be called.

The captains I will pass by, they are not the worst paid in the army. The pay of the subaltern is simply a disgrace to a wealthy country like England. A lieutenant receives six shillings and sixpence, and after seven years' service seven shillings and sixpence; an ensign five shillings and threepence. On this sum he is supposed to live, subscribe to the band and mess funds, wine on guest nights, &c. It is the same pay he received fifty years ago, when everything was fourfold cheaper; but his pay has not risen with the times, and unless a parent can allow his son at the very least one hundred pounds a year besides his paltry five shillings and threepence, he had much better make a tinker or a tailor of him than put him into a service he would be soon compelled to leave. In India, some years ago, a young man could with exertion and

economy live upon his pay, but, from what I hear now, it is becoming as dear as England, and there will soon be an end of poor men attempting the service at all.

With respect to promotion from the ranks, I consider it in many cases anything but a boon to good and deserving soldiers. Far be it from me to say that I would not reward them to the very utmost extent of their deserving, but I would not do it by giving them ensigncies, &c., bringing them with their paltry five shillings and threepence a day among men to whom such a sum is a mere bagatelle. I should like to know how many who have risen from the ranks have remained in the service for any length of time. Very few indeed in comparison; but many have come to grief from drinking, in some instances brought on by finding they were unable to live like their brother officers. Sober to a degree while in the ranks, and when there was an eye upon them they dared not disregard, for utter ruin they knew would be the consequence—yet when officers and their own masters, when they could get their bottles of brandy and whiskey from the mess, which they drank with impunity, how few of them

have resisted the temptation. I have not known a dozen in my long experience, and I am sure I shall be borne out in what I say, by many, very many old officers. To a married man with children, except in India, promotion to an ensigncy is simply ruin. I was offered a commission once for a colour-sergeant of my regiment, named McNeil, who had absolutely commanded two companies in action, and he wisely refused it. He was a married man with three children, and said he much preferred to be as he was, unless he could obtain a quartermastership. I obtained for him the "Distinguished Service Pension Medal," and had his name put down at the Horse Guards for the situation of quartermaster, but there was no vacancy, and this gallant fellow, who had been in every action with his regiment during the Mutiny, served eighteen years in India, was a man of most exemplary character, being in possession of the "Good Conduct Medal," and commanded two companies of his regiment in action, a circumstance that, I think, never before happened, was discharged

with the pension of a sergeant, with the addition of fifteen pounds per annum.*

If a non-commissioned officer could at once be promoted to the situation of quartermaster, that, indeed, would be to his advantage. It would place him in a position in which he would not be required to join in the expenses of his brother officers (I never allowed my quartermaster to do so), and which he would find much more suitable to him than that of ensign; but of course it would be impossible to have these situations at hand or vacant at a moment's notice. As this cannot be the case, why should other situations, averaging from eighty to one hundred a year, not be found, which might be given to the deserving soldier, instead of making him a pauper ensign. I hear it is almost as difficult to live on your pay in India now as it is in England. Why should fourth-class barrack-masterships not be retained for such a purpose, or, if these things are impracticable, I will suggest, what I suppose I shall be well laughed at for doing, the following, and I really can see nothing to

* He is now barrack-sergeant at Portsmouth, I only heard it from an old soldier two days ago.

laugh at in the proposition. If the country is determined to reward deserving non-commissioned officers by giving them commissions, they ought also to enable them to live as gentlemen, or attempt to do so. As ensigns, let the Government allow them the sum of fifty pounds a year. As lieutenants, thirty pounds a year, the allowance to cease on their becoming captains. This might, with great economy and sobriety, enable them to exist.

The allowance of one hundred pounds to fit them out is handsome enough, but after the tailor's bill has been paid, and other expenses, such as servants, mess dress, shoes, stockings, every-day dress, subscriptions, &c., there will not be very much of the hundred left. In fact, I am against promotion from the ranks, simply because, in the present day, I consider it an injury, and not a benefit.

It is a great mistake to imagine, as many out of the army do, that when men, promoted from the ranks, become officers they are looked down upon by their brother officers. I can safely affirm that in my whole experience I never knew an instance of the kind, or heard a harsh expression but once, and

that was from an officer who was himself the son of a shop-keeper, and it carried no weight with it. The men themselves prefer the gentleman born, thinking the ensign coming from among themselves knows too well the tricks of the barrack-room, the dodges at inspection of necessaries, &c., and they are aware it would be useless to attempt them with men of their own class at least. But putting all this aside, the British soldier is proud of, and likes to be commanded by, the blue blood.

I recollect once in India my Colour-Sergeant, Hutchinson, coming to me on the eve of my departure for England. "Oh, Sir," he said, "what will the company do now you are going to leave us?"

I said, "You have got a smart officer, Mr. B——, to look after you all."

"Yes, Sir," he replied, "but he is not a gentleman."

B——r had risen from the ranks in the 26th Regiment, and had exchanged into ours, but ultimately lost his commission through drunkenness.

In these remarks which I have made I, of course, do not allude to rare instances of

young men of birth and family who have enlisted, and in a short time obtained their commissions. I have known several who have also had money, and purchased commissions afterwards. I merely allude to those who, having enlisted, had gone through the routine of a soldier's life until they deserved and became eligible for promotion or reward.

A word on prize money. Is there any man can defend or offer an excuse for the infamous manner in which the allotment and distribution of prize-money is carried out? Is it not much better to say to the deceived officer and soldier, "We can hold out no hopes to you of getting what you have so gallantly fought for at the risk of your life, or if we do, it cannot be paid to you for at least ten years, as it will at least take that time to get in all the documents and the names of those entitled? It is true that the orderly-room clerks might complete the whole business in a fortnight, but that is not our system." It would be fairer and more open for the authorities to do this than to cause the ruin of many, many gallant hearts,

by holding out false hopes to them. I have known several cases in which the delusive idea of getting the "prize-money" has ruined the expectant. Fondly imagining that in a short time it would be paid, he has entered (and not unnaturally) into expenses he otherwise could not afford, or never would have dreamed of incurring, has been obliged to borrow money at a ruinous interest, and is still buoyed up by deceitful hopes; but, alas! day by day flits by, until at last, utterly ruined, he is obliged to send in his papers, and with his last remaining few pounds he leaves for ever his native land, and emigrates to Australia or Vancouver. This has happened to one very dear to me, who, but for the delusion of "prize-money," might have been an ornament to his profession, instead of working for his daily bread across the seas. It is now nearly eight years since he left, and there is as little chance of the long-looked for reward as ever.* Alas! how many a gallant fellow who ought to have received the "prize-money" is now under the sod, with perhaps, if it ever is paid, no relative to benefit by it! How many have

* It was paid in the ninth year.

taken their discharge, and gone to Australia and America, who will never again be heard of, and how many bitter, bitter curses have been heaped on England in consequence! It is, indeed, no laughing matter.

One day, two ten years' men, having taken their discharge, came to me.

"Well, Colonel," said one of them, "we're going to America; what about the prize-money?"

"My good fellow," I replied, "I wish I could tell you. I am just as anxious as you are."

"Faith, Colonel, we know you would get it for us if you could," continued the soldier. Turning to his comrade, "Never mind, Denis. By J—s, we'll take it out of Canada yet."

Comment is useless on this.

The soldier has everything done for him in the way of education. Lectures are given, coffee-rooms and reading-rooms established, and his comfort well looked after; but his duty is much more severe than it was before the camps of instruction were formed. The summers now are spent at Aldershot, Shorn-

cliffe, and the Curragh, and certainly it is no holiday pastime. What with division parades, brigade parades, regimental parades, rifle instruction, the soldier is kept pretty well employed. When to this you add school hours, &c., I don't think he is inclined for any other kind of recreation. In fact there is too much of it, and I doubt much whether the colonel of a regiment, on its return from one of these places of amusement, will inform you that his regiment is steadier on parade, or is at all improved by the constant instruction it is in the habit of receiving. I have always acted on this, I suppose, erroneous supposition; but I have always found it to answer. If you have a short parade, your men will be anxious to please you, and the evolutions will be done in a steady, soldier-like manner. If it is expedient, previous to an inspection, to have a longer parade, the men have sense enough to know it is necessary, and will do their best. But if a commanding officer is eternally harassing his men with long drills, as I have seen them, he will never have a steady regiment, or the men will never work with will. It is

true he may have the adjutant, the sergeant-major, and other non-commissioned officers, to mark the inattentive and careless soldier; but he will only create crime, and not add one iota to the efficiency of his corps. Human nature is human nature. I think there is too much drill at the camps. Too great attention cannot be paid to rifle instruction, and in this the army has made very great progress. In fact, there is very little to be desired in the improvement of the army. But the "pay" of each rank will have to be increased.* You cannot get, or expect to get, respectable men to enter the service upon the wages of a shilling a-day, when a common mechanic can earn from three to five shillings. With the great increase of price in everything, clothes, food, &c., the soldier's pay will have to be increased also. Let the country and authorities stave it off as long as they may, the increase must ultimately come, and the day is not far off. Many people say that by increasing the pay of the soldier you give him more money for the purpose of drinking. It is very true that

* Since this was written it has in a slight measure been increased, but will have to be more still.

more money would be spent in liquor; but at the same time you would, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary, obtain a superior class of men, who would not be so liable to become drunkards as the men we get at present.

Will any one pretend that in physical appearance the soldiers of to-day are equal to what they were thirty years ago, or even before the Crimean war. Even supposing, as was the case, that the élite of our army perished there, yet still the time that has elapsed since should have brought it back to its old excellence. The truth is the men are not to be got. I saw not long ago four regiments in brigade, and certainly they were very different from those of the olden time. One Highland regiment, that I had once known as a most magnificent corps, appeared all kilts and bonnet cases.

A friend of mine, late inspecting field officer at Liverpool, said to me one morning, "Come to my office, and see the sort of recruits we are obliged to take now." I went and saw forty; and such specimens of the human race! I certainly think my friend and myself, although past the age of pugilism,

could have licked them all, one down t'other come on. "These are the style of men," he said, "we get now." I should have liked to know how many of that batch in three years remained in the service.

There is another thing that I grieve to say will be worse and worse every year, and should a war unfortunately break out, its effects will be fearfully felt. I allude to the almost impossibility of obtaining recruits from what was once the great nursery of our infantry—Ireland. Day by day the bone and sinew of the land is leaving the country, and instead of filling the ranks of our army, as of old, with the brave, enduring Irish soldier, we shall find, I much fear, when troubles occur with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, these very men arrayed in hostility against us; in fact I have no doubt of it. If we want a good article we must pay for it, and England will have to come down, and that in no small amount, before long, if she wants to have an efficient army.

There is one class in the service, whose position has scarcely been considered

as it ought to be, and that is the married soldier in Great Britain and Ireland. It is true, much has been done as to decency, &c., with regard to barrack-room arrangements, &c. Instead of, as in the old time, married men and their wives sleeping in the same room as the single men, and hearing language of the most disgusting nature from the lips of the drunken, debauched soldier, they are now allowed to remain in a room with other married men, and although much improvement is still required, yet things are much better than they used to be. What I am going to speak about is the feeding of the married privates, particularly those who may unfortunately have children. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe if very hard work was required from the married soldier in Great Britain and Ireland, such as a rebellion or long outbreak would entail, that in nine cases out of ten he would break down from want of proper nourishment. How on earth is a poor man, with two children and his wife, to buy food at the present price of provisions, meat more than once a week, or, perhaps, even so often? It

is true the women may obtain a certain allowance of soldiers' washing, but after all what is it? I will give two cases that will illustrate the truth of what I say; and butcher's meat was not at the price then that it is now, or clothing for females either.

One day at Chatham, a man of the 65th came to me and said, "The men tell me, Sir, you are a good ball player. The Marines have sent a challenge to the Provisional Battalion. Will you play agin them?" He was a thin pale man. We played the match, but it was almost a walk over, as the Marines were very bad performers indeed. Some time after, the officers of an Irish regiment matched two of their men against the 65th man and myself, and I accepted the challenge. We had two different men now, two fine, powerful young Irishmen; excellent players. We won the first game, but after that my partner became so weak that he could hardly strike a ball, and we lost the match. He came crying to me and said, "The wakeness came over me. I have a wife and two children, and I have not tasted

meat for a fortnight, or we wouldn't have been bate." I saw it was the case, and made a second match to come off in a month. Meanwhile I fed my man every day on beefsteaks and mutton chops, and he was a very different person on the day of action, and we won in a canter against equally good men.

Another time a cavalry regiment challenged mine to run three hundred yards. The best runner we had was a married man, so I sent for him, and asked if he would run the dragoon. "Ah, Sir," he said, "two years ago I could, but sure, Sir, now I'm a married man, and have no strength in me for want of feeding." I made the match to come off in six weeks, for a good sum. Meanwhile I trained and fed my man, who at first could hardly run one hundred yards, but at the end of a month he could run the distance required like a stag, and finally won his match easily. But I could find twenty such cases if necessary. Why, it is a common thing to hear the men say in a regiment, "Ah, poor devil! he's no use, he's only a married man."

In India and the colonies, at least in the

West Indies, the soldier's wife and children are provided for. In India they receive so many rupees for the wife, and so many for each child. In the West Indies they receive rations. Why should this not be given to them in Great Britain and Ireland, to enable them to exist?

There are, I think, ninety-five married men, including staff-sergeants, &c., allowed in a regiment, deducting the sergeants and corporals. I should say nine men out of ten of the privates with families would be unfit for hard duty, if required, from the absolute want of proper nourishment. I shall, no doubt, be pooh-poohed for all this, but it is nevertheless true, and I hope some day these little facts respecting the married soldier may be thought worthy of being looked into.

Through the charitable bequest of an old officer, fifty-seven years ago, in India, there was a fund in my corps that allowed me to assist the married soldier, according to his family, and some received as much as fourpence or sixpence a day from it. I chose to dispose of it in this manner. What is done with it now I do not at this moment

know, but I believe it is not dispensed in the way I did. I will conclude with a few remarks as to the manner in which a regiment ought to be managed.

In the first place without "partiality, favour, or affection." There is nothing the soldier admires so much, particularly the Irish, as "justice, and an impartial distribution thereof," and he loves to serve under what he calls a "fair man." If two soldiers are brought to the orderly room for the same crime, and they are both men, we will say, of similar character, do not give one four days' confinement to barracks, and the other forty-eight "hours in the cells." If you do, you render the latter for ever after a discontented, troublesome soldier, who, with the idea that you are down upon him, and have shown great injustice in the difference of the punishments inflicted, commits himself again and again, from brooding over the affair. Character must be looked to in dispensing punishment. I have known colonels of regiments throw it aside altogether, not even taking it into consideration as a mitigation of punishment, and delight to see a man with a "good

conduct badge" brought before him. This unfortunate seldom or never escaped. His observation was, "He has got a badge, he should keep it," never considering that "human nature is human nature," and that of all men in the world you cannot expect a British soldier to be immaculate. The man loses his "badge," goes away disheartened, says, "What is the use of my taking care of myself, when I get almost the same punishment as Jim Sullivan, who is up every week?" commits himself again, loses another "badge," becomes reckless, and goes to the devil. I have known many cases like this. I do not say that "good conduct men" are really always the best soldiers. I have known many cunning fellows with "badges" that had not much right to them, yet still, taking them as a body, they must be the best behaved.

I have also known commanding officers who would never listen to the captains of companies, or allow them to intercede for their men. In fact, I have known some who would give the men a more severe punishment if their captains attempted to say anything in their favour. The main stay of a regi-

ment are the captains, and they ought always to be listened to by the colonel, respecting their men. I have known a colonel constantly refer to the adjutant respecting men, with their captains present; and give over the band and drums entirely to the adjutant. What a pleasant position for the captain! In the orderly room, unless asked a question, the adjutant should be as mute as a mouse. I perfectly agree with the late Sir Charles Napier as to "Adjutants' Regiments."

When in command, I laid down certain rules that I seldom or never deviated from. There were certain crimes I never looked over, unless there were most mitigating circumstances. Such crimes were "drunkenness on guard, or on the line of march," "theft," and "making away with necessaries."

In the latter case I might, perhaps, look over the first instance of a recruit or very young soldier; in an old one never. It is absolutely necessary, for the appearance and comfort of the soldier himself, that this crime should be most severely dealt with, and, although to a civilian it may appear

strange that, in the words of an old military song I have heard the men sing,

> "An if ye sell the shirt that ye bought,
> You're sure to be flogged in the mornin'."

yet it is nevertheless true that one of the strongest signs of a good regiment is the absence of this crime.

When a soldier knows there are several offences that he cannot commit with impunity, and for which, if he does, he is certain of getting a court-martial, it has an extraordinary effect. In upwards of four years I had not certainly half-a-dozen men confined for drunkenness on guard, and I tried them all. When I say six, I am certain I am overshooting the mark by two or three.

Theft should never be looked over. No pity is felt for the thief, whatever punishment he receives. It is wonderful how very little crime of this description takes place in an Irish regiment.

Drunkenness on the line of march is another very serious military offence, which I very seldom indeed would pass over without a court-martial. If you see a regiment

parade steady and sober, and march in this condition into their billets in changing quarters, you may at once set it down as being in first-rate order. When, on the contrary, you see a corps parading for the line of march with men almost supported in the ranks by their comrades, and the rear-guard occupied by drunken, noisy men, you may be certain the discipline of the regiment is bad, and that the soldiers have very little regard for the credit or appearance of it.

While determined to uphold the discipline of the regiment by rigorously punishing certain crimes, I would at the same time give the soldier every indulgence consistent with the duty of the Service. I always thought, and will always think that the system of "passes" is a good one, and tends to prevent crime. I always allowed a small percentage of men in each company to have a night pass, or sometimes for twenty-four hours. The effect was wonderful. There was a regular roster kept of men deserving the indulgence, and very seldom did they render themselves unworthy of it. They would save up their few coppers until their turn came, and then, like

boys out of school, would start for their holiday; and it was very seldom indeed I had to strike a man's name off the "pass-list." Young men will be young men, and you cannot expect, in the class soldiers are recruited from, that they are an exception. If these men had not now and then indulgences of this kind, they would break out of barracks, bring discredit on the regiment and discredit on themselves; and these night-passes, I affirm, in a great measure diminished this general crime among soldiers.

It is a great object with a commanding officer to make his men understand that he has confidence in them, and can trust in their sense of honour. The soldier is flattered by and will do all he can to prove he is deserving of the trust, and particularly the Irish soldier, who has his wild, true notions of honour.

I once marched nearly six hundred men a distance of eight miles into a country town in England, piled arms, and dismissed them, telling them that in two hours they were to fall in, and that I expected every man to be steady and sober for the march home. I

had not one man with a sign of liquor on him.

Some years ago the regiment was leaving Newry, the chief town of its county. The night before the march, I allowed every man except those on duty to remain absent all night, but told them that, as we were to proceed to the railway at nine o'clock in the morning, I expected every man to be present, sober, on parade at eight o'clock. I had not one man absent, or with a sign of liquor on him. In the same town, during our stay of eight months, not a soldier had been taken by the police, or brought before the Civil Magistrates for the slightest crime or offence, and I received a most complimentary letter from the authorities on the subject, which they were kind enough to forward to the General commanding. Confidence between officer and soldier is the great result of treating him as a man should be treated, a course which gains its reward in his attachment, affection, and, as I have often proved myself, devotion.

Although at the risk of being called an egotist, I will now relate two instances of what I have above stated. In my regiment

there were several volunteers from the St. Helena Corps. An officer, the late Colonel Cowell, who had been adjutant of that corps, died at Sierra Leone two or three years ago, came to where I was quartered, and these men went to see him. In the course of conversation they told him "that the men of my regiment had agreed among themselves, as long as I commanded,* never to do anything that would annoy me in any way, and that this accounted for the great good conduct of the men." In another instance, a celebrated Irish regiment had a three or four days' encounter with a regiment of Guards. The soldiers of this regiment were almost all Irish and Roman Catholics, and it would, therefore, have been natural to suppose that my men would have sided with their countrymen. The whole row, however, not a man engaged in it, nor had I any absent from duty during the riots but one, and he was a volunteer from the Irish regiment.

Sir J. B——e sent for a quaint old sergeant of mine, and asked him the reason why my men were so well conducted. His answer was, "If any man joined it, and annoyed the

* I had at that time applied for the "full-pay retirement."

Colonel, he'd get such a bating as would send him into hospital for a month." Sir J. B—— told me this himself, and laughed heartily at it. And I am not ashamed to say that I was, and am, very proud of the strong affection shown towards me by the men of the regiment in which I was born. Without the least dereliction from duty, I treated them as men and soldiers should be treated. I punished them when they deserved it, and I gave them every indulgence in my power.

There are always in a regiment a few blackguards that are incorrigible, and authority ought to be given to Colonels, when they find that they are so, to have them discharged, instead of spending all their time in prison, and allowing the good soldier to do their duty. There are also men whose devotion to drink is such that, although otherwise clean, smart soldiers, it is almost impossible to reclaim them. These unfortunate men sometimes do all they can to keep themselves away from the orderly-room, but it is out of their power. They have said to me, "I declare to G—d, Sir, I've done my best, but I can't keep from it." I have known,

however, some cases where they have gradually reformed; but such cases are very rare, and reformation is difficult. When a man of this kind comes before you, he will probably say, "Let me off this time, and I'll not come before you for six months." You will perhaps take him at his word. Well, in a couple of months he is before you again. Instead of flying into a rage and saying, "Here you are again after your promise, &c.," take the matter quietly; the man has tried his best and failed. How few of the upper classes addicted to that horrid crime of drunkenness, in trying to reform, could succeed at once, and surely it is a much more difficult task for the poor illiterate soldier. He has tried, and has kept away for some time from the orderly-room. This is something gained. If, instead of flying into a passion, you say, "Well, I see you have done your best, and I perceive you are trying to keep your word. Now try again how long you can keep away." I have succeeded now and then by this system, in cases where punishment would have been useless if you wished to save a man so far gone.

In conclusion, you may lead a soldier by kindness; you can rarely drive him by severity. And never "Sir" a soldier. He looks upon it as a most degrading epithet.

I have often thought how perfectly erroneous has been the system adopted relative to the treatment of recruits when they first join the service. You take a country boy fresh from the plough, or a youngster from our manufacturing towns, and I should imagine the first object should be to make the aspirant for military fame fond and proud of the profession he has adopted. But it is quite the contrary. I maintain everything is done, or was, to make him disgusted with it. In the first place, that abominable machine, called a stock, is put round his neck; but this, of course, may be called a necessary evil. He is, or was, then condemned to undergo three or four drills per diem, the goose-step, &c., badgered by the drill-sergeant. and corporal, in certainly not the choicest of language, until he begins to hate and detest the service and all belonging to it, gets sulky, ultimately deserts, is brought back, and tried for desertion, when he is sen-

tenced to be imprisoned, and marked with the letter D. Do you think when he comes out of jail that he takes to a soldier's life with any pleasure? Quite the contrary; he deserts again, and all in consequence of his life being made, on his first enlistment, a burden to him. Two drills a day are quite enough for any young recruit joining the service. Let him have the remainder of the day to himself to play at football, handball, or any athletic exercise, which cannot be too much encouraged by the colonel and officers. For myself, I delight to see officers and men mingled in these sports and pastimes. It does them both good, makes the officer better acquainted with his men, and does not in the slightest degree diminish the respect felt for him by the soldier, but quite the contrary. While thus amusing themselves, I never heard or knew, in all my thirty-five years' service in the regiment, of one single instance even of impertinence to an officer, much less insubordination.

I have known those who have held, and do hold, different views, and consider the officer contaminated by this intercourse with the

soldier. It is very lucky there are so few who hold this opinion, for God help the regiments commanded by officers who endorse these ideas. There can be no confidence or affection between officer and soldier.

Having enlisted a number of head-quarter recruits, I educated them according to my own system. I never gave them more than two drills a day, and sometimes when the sergeant-major or drill-sergeant said they were very attentive, I would dismiss them to football or any other amusement. One day I received a letter from the adjutant-general in Ireland, by direction of the General commanding, to know if, in my treatment of recruits, I acted up to the regulations. My adjutant* said to me, "Here's a row." However, I answered the letter by saying that I did not adhere to the regulations, and explained my system, and also adding that though I had had between thirty and forty head-quarter recruits in the last six months, I had never lost one by desertion. I never received an answer to this letter.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Stewart, the most valuable adjutant a commanding officer ever had; and how harmoniously we worked together. I have no doubt he recollects this.

During three months in Dublin, in the furlough season, I had not one man absent from the rolls of the regiment. I have seen colonels of regiments on parade bellow at their men like bulls. This ought to be avoided. It disgusts the men, and makes them sulky and discontented. If anything is wrong it is easy to remedy it quietly, and not let other regiments in brigade hear you constantly shouting and finding fault, or they will very naturally suppose there is something radically wrong in the drill and discipline of the corps. There is another equally great fault in some commanding officers, and that is never to praise their men while drilling. I have known some colonels who never would be pleased, however steadily the men worked. "Very good, men," "well done, men," when deserved, is not a very difficult thing to say, and is appreciated by the soldiers; but when there is nothing but finding fault, however well they may do their duty, it makes them careless, inattentive, and ill-tempered.

A great hardship to soldiers is the way in

which unfortunate men who have lost their health and strength in the service, through climate or any other cause, are treated by the military authorities. When stationed at Aden in 1856-7, a very fine young man, a lance-corporal named Coghlan, was stricken by paralysis very badly. This young man had been nine years in the regiment, possessed a most excellent character, and was in possession of two "good conduct badges." Perfectly crippled, the poor fellow was discharged on a pension of sixpence per diem for two years. It is true that from time to time the pension was renewed, and he was afterwards, I may say, a regular pensioner of mine, as I clothed him and gave him what little I could afford. If I had not done so, he would have starved, and what a miserable-looking creature was this poor paralysed man, compared with the fine, handsome young soldier of 1854-5. Poor Coghlan has long since gone, I hope where the "good niggers go."

I was in Edinburgh, on a trial case to which I have already referred. While sitting in M'Gregor's Hotel one summer

evening, I heard one gentlemen say to another, "How disgraceful it is to see a soldier begging in the streets! I have just seen one of the 86th in uniform doing so." I took my hat, asked the gentleman where he had seen him, and went in the direction pointed out, and sure enough there was a regular cripple, with the uniform, forage cap, and number of the regiment, dragging himself along with great difficulty by two sticks. Rather surprised, as I did not know the man, I asked him if he knew me. He said he did not, and I began to think he must be an impostor, but he was not. His name was M'Cabe, and during my absence from India he had exchanged from the 83rd, and must have been a very good-looking soldier. He had an excellent character in his discharge, signed by Colonel Lowth, whom I had succeeded. He had been seized with very bad rheumatism, had been sent home from India, and discharged, after seven years' service, with a good-conduct stripe and very good character, on sixpence a day for two years.

I asked him if he was not ashamed to disgrace the old corps by begging in its

uniform. "Ah, sir," he said, "what am I to do? These are the only clothes I have got, my pension time is up, and I am trying to get to the Curragh, to see if Colonel Stuart," meaning myself, "will get me the sixpence a day for other two years, but I don't think I'll live to get there;" and certainly the poor man looked at death's door. I got him some clothes, had the old red coat, &c., burnt, and gave him some little help towards getting him to Ireland. I never saw him again, and I suppose he did die, but on my return to the regiment I found his story true in every respect. Is there any other nation would treat their poor dying soldiers in this heartless way?

I have no doubt many things I have written will not suit everyone, I can only say I have spoken simply as my long experience has taught me to do, and, if my remarks are of benefit to any young military man, I am repaid.

APPENDIX.

Camp before Jhansi,
8th April, 1858.

Sir,

Having been detailed by you to command the left attack of stormers by escalade, I proceeded with the force named in the margin, for the purpose of escalading the town wall to the left of the breach.

I directed Ensign Fowler and twenty men of the storming party, 86th Regiment, to advance in front of the Sappers and Miners, who were carrying the ladders, in order to draw, if possible, the enemy's fire from them.

On the signal being given to advance, we proceeded over the ground at a very rapid pace, and, when within about two hundred yards of the wall, were received with a most terrific fire, which continued until we reached the foot of it.

After great difficulty and severe opposition we succeeded in planting three of the ladders, five men of the Sappers being shot down in doing so.

The moment these ladders were planted, Lieutenant Dartnell, Ensigns Sewell and Fowler with Lieutenant Webber, R.E., most gallantly rushed up them.

I proceeded up the third ladder myself, with the men of the storming party. After a severe fight we succeeded in driving the enemy before us into the town, where I formed a junction with Captain Darby's party.

It is with great pleasure I have to record the universal gallantry of all the troops under my command. The manner in which the Sappers of the Royal Engineers carried the ladders under so heavy a fire was most admirable, and, where all behaved so well, it is difficult for me to select particular individuals.

I would, however, bring to your notice the great gallantry of Lieutenant Dartnell, 86th Regiment, who was the first man up the ladder, and engaged with the enemy, by whom he was most severely wounded by sword cuts, and who richly deserves any reward you may be pleased to recommend him for. Also Ensign Fowler, 86th Regiment, who followed Lieutenant Dartnell, and in all probability saved his life, by shooting some of his opponents.

Also I wish to bring particularly to your notice, the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Webber, R.E., and Ensign Sewell, 86th Regiment. These four young officers were the first on the ladders and over the wall, setting an example to the men of the most heroic description.

I beg also to bring to your notice Private Roger Matthews, 86th Regiment, of No. 10 Company, who followed Lieutenant Dartnell and Ensign Fowler up the ladder, and shot one of Lieutenant Dartnell's opponents.

Also Sergeant Alleyne Wolfe, 86th Regiment, who in single combat killed three of the enemy, also Lieutenant Fenwick, 25th Regiment, who commanded the stormers of his corps.

I beg to bring to your notice the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Jerome, 86th Regiment, and Private Burns, No. 10 Company, 86th Regiment, who under a murderous fire and at the risk of their lives carried off Ensign Sewell, who was very severely wounded, and would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Captain Darby, although severely wounded, continued to do his duty until loss of blood obliged this gallant officer to be sent to camp.

During our occupation of the streets, I lament to say Dr. Stack, of the 86th Regiment, was killed while gallantly under fire attending a wounded soldier.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
W. K. Stuart,
Major 86th Regiment.

Colonel Lowth,
Commanding 86th Regiment,
Jhansi.

THE END.

London: Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.

00097480

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018